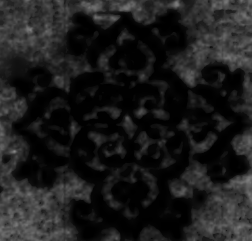


10  
THE  
WHORE OF  
BABYLON

As represented by the Prince of  
Greece.

*Painted by J. C. C. C.*

Written by THOMAS DEER.



LONDON

Printed for Nathaniel Bate.

1607.

# DRAMMATICIS

01

*persona.*

*Titania* the Fairie Queene: vnder whom is figured our late  
Queene *Elizabeth.*

*Fideli.*

*Fluwell.*

*Paribonophil.*

*Elfishon.*

*Callista.*

*Aura.*

*Philema.*

*Agathe.*

*Campeius* a Schollet.

*Paridel* a Doctor.

*Time.*

*Truth.*

Th'Empresse of *Babylon*: vnder whom is figured *Rome.*

*Kings* 3.

*Cardinals* 4.

*Ragazzoni.*

*Campeggio.*

*Ropas* a Doctor of Physicke.

An *Albanois.*

*Palvio*, a Iesuite.

*Abiliter.*

*Abniflri.*

} Councillors to *Titania.*

} Ladies attendant.

} Plaine-dealing.

} Agents for th'Empresse.



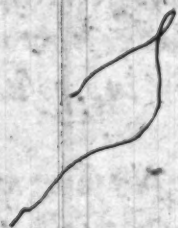
## Lectori.

**T**He Generall scope of this Drammaticall Poem, is to set forth (in Tropicall and shadowed collours) the Greatnes, Magnanimity, Constancy, Clemency, and other the incomparable Heroical vertues of our late *Queene*. And (on the contrary part) the inueterate malice, Treasons, Atchinations, & underminings, & continual bloody stratagems, of that Purple whore of Roome, to the taking away of our Princes lines, and utter extirpation of their Kingdomes. Wherein if according to the dignity of the Subiect, I haue not given it Lustre, and (to vse the Painters rhetorick) doe so faile in my Depthes & Heightnings, that it is not to the life, let this excuse me, that the Pyramides vpon whose top the glorious Raigne of our deceased Soueraigne was mounted, stands yet so high, and so sharply pointed into the clouds, that the Art of no pen is able to reach it. The streame of her Vertues is so immesurable, that the farther they are waded into, the farther is it to the bottom.

In sayling vpon which two contrary Seas, you may obserue, on how direct a line I haue steered my course: for of such a scantling are my words set downe, that neither the one party speakes too much, nor the other (in opposition) too little in their owne defence.

And whereas I may, (by some more curions in censure, then sound in iudgement) be Critically taxed, that I falsifie the account of time, and set not down Occurrents, according to their true succession, let such (that are so nice of stomach) know, that I write as a Poet, not as an Historian, and that these two doe not

live vnder one law. How true Fortunes dyall hath gone whose  
Players (like so many clocks, haue struck my lines, and told the  
world how I haue spent my houres) I am not certaine, because  
mine eare stood not within reach of their Larums. But of  
this my knowledge cannot faile, that in such Consorts,  
many of the Instruments are for the most part out of tune,  
And no maruaile; for let the Poet set the note of his Numbers,  
euen to Apollos owne Lyre, the Player will haue his owne Cro-  
chets, and sing false notes, in dispise of all the rules of Musick.  
It fares with these two, as it does with good stufte and a badde  
Tayler: It is not mard in the wearing, but in the cutting out.  
The labours therfore of Writers are as unhappie as the children  
of a bewtifull woman, being spoyle by ill nurses, within a month  
after they come into the world. What a number of throwes doe  
we endure eare we be deliuered? and yet euen then (tho that hea-  
uenly issue of our braine be neuer so faire and so well lynd,) is  
it made lame by the bad handling of them to whome it is put to  
learne to goe: if this of mine bee made a cripple by such meanes,  
yet dispise him not for that deformity which stuck not vpon him  
at his birth; but fell vpon him by mis-fortune, and in recompence  
of such fauour, you shall (if your Patience can suffer so long)  
heare now how himselfe can speake.



**T**He Charmes of silence through this Square be throwne,  
 That an vn-vside Attention (like a Jewell)  
 May hang at every eare, for wee present  
 Matter about the vulgar Argument:  
 Yet drawne so liuely, that the weakeſt eye,  
 (Througħ thoſe thin vailſ we hang betweene your ſight,  
 And this our peice) may reach the miſtery:  
 What in it is moſt graue, will moſt delight.  
 But as in *Lanſkip*, Townes and Woods appeare  
 Small a farre off, yet to the Optick ſence,  
 The mind ſhewes them as great as thoſe more neere;  
 So, winged *Time* that long agoe flew hence  
 You muſt fetch backe, with all thoſe golden yeares  
 He ſtole, and here imagine ſtill hee ſtands,  
 Thrufing his ſiluer locke into your hands.  
 There hold it but two howres, It ſhall from Graues  
 Raize vp the dead: vpon this narrow floore  
 Swell vp an Ocean, (with an Armed Fleete,)  
 And lay the Dragon at a Doues ſoft feete.  
 Theſe Wonders ſit and ſee, ſending as guides  
 Your Iudgement, not your paſſions: paſſion ſlides,  
 When Iudgement goes vp right: for tho the Muſe  
 (Thats thus inspir'd) a Nouell path does tread,  
 Shee's free from fooliſh boldnes, or baſe dread.  
 Loe; ſcorne ſhe ſcornes and Enuies ranckling tooth,  
 For this is all ſhee does, ſhe wakens *Truth*.





## A Dumb shew.

**H**E drawes a Curtaine, discovering Truth in sad habiliments, uncrowned:  
her haire dishevelled, & sleeping on a Rock: Time (her father) attired like-  
wise in black, and at his properties (as Sibe, Hawreglasse and Wings) of the  
same Cullor, vsing all meanes to waken Truth, but not being able to doo it,  
he sits by her and mourns: Then enter Priests, Bishops, Cardinals before the  
Hearse of a Queen, after it Councellers, Pensioners & Ladies, at these last ha-  
ving scarfes before their eyes, the other singing in Latin. Truth suddenly a-  
wakens, & beholding this sight, shewes (with her father) arguments of Ioy, and  
Exeunt, returning presently: Time being shifted into light Cullors, his pro-  
perties likewise altered into silver, and Truth Crowned, (being cloathed in a  
robe spotted with Starrs) meete the Hearse, and pulling the veiles from the  
Councellers eyes, they wondering a while, and seeming astonish'd at her  
brightnes, at length embrace Truth and Time, & depart with them: leaving  
the rest going on.

This being done, Enter Titania (the Fairie Queene) attended with those  
Councellers, and other persons sitting her estate: Time and Truth meete her,  
presenting a Booke to her, which (kissing it) she receiues, and shewing it  
to those about her, they drawe out their swordes, (embracing Truth,) vowing  
to defend her and that booke: Truth then and Time are sent in, and returne  
presently, driving before them those Cardinals, Priests &c. (that came in be-  
fore) with Images, Crozier staves &c. They gon, certaine grane learned men,  
that had beene banished, are brought in, and presented to Titania, who shewes  
to them the booke, which they receiue with great signes of gladnesse, and  
Exeunt Omnes.

# THE VVHORE

of Babylon.

—————

*Empresse of Babylon: her Canopie supported by 4 Cardinals: 2. persons in Pontificall robes on either hand, the one bearing a sword, the other the keys: before her 3. Kings crowned, behinde her Friars, &c. 2*

**Empr.** **T**hat we, in pompe, in peace, in god-like splendor,  
With adoration of all dazeled eies,  
Should breath thus long, and grow so full of daies,  
Be fruitfull as the Vine, in sonnes and daughters,  
(All Emperors, Kings, and Queenes) that (like to Cedars)  
Vprising from the breast of *Lybanns*,  
Or Oliues nurst vp by *Ierusalem*)  
Heightened our glories, whilst we held vp them:  
That this vast Globe Terrestriall should be cantled,  
And almost three parts ours, and that the nations,  
Who suspiration draw out of this aire,  
With vniuersall *Aus*, showtes, and cries,  
Should vs acknowledge to be head supream  
To this great body (for a world of yeares:)  
Yet now, when we had made our Crowne compleat,  
And clos'd it strongly with a triple arch,  
And had enrich'd it with those pretious Jewels  
Few Princes euer see (white haire) euen now  
Our greatnesse hangs in ballance, and the flame  
Of our true Souerainty, clipp'd, and abas'd.  
*1. King.* By whom dread Emperesse:  
*Empr.* Aske these holy Fathers:  
Aske those our out-cast sonnes: a throne vsurped

Our

Our chaire is counted, all our titles stolne.

2. King. What blasphemy dare speake so?

Emp. All our roabes,

Your vestments, (reuerend, yet pontificall:)

This sword, these keyes, (that open kingdoms hearts  
To let in sweet obedience) All, but borrowed.

3. King. What soule aboue the earth----

Emp. Our royall signet,

With which, we, (in a mothers holy loue)

Haue sign'd so many pardons, is now counterfeit:

From our mouth flow riuers of blasphemy

And lies, our Babylonian Sinagogues

Are counted Stewes, where Fornications

And all vncleannesse Sodomiticall,

(Whose leprosy touch'd vs neuer) are now daily acted:

Our Image, which (like *Roman Cæsars*) stamp'd

In gold, through the whole earth did currant passe,

Is now blanch'd copper, or but gilded brasle.

3. King. Can yonder roofe, thats nail'd so fast with  
Couer a head so impious, and not cracke? (starres,

That Sulphure boyling o're celestially fires,

May drop in whizing flakes (with skalding vengeace)

On such a horrid sinne!

1. King. No mortall basome

Is so vn sanctified.

2. King. Who i't bright Empreſſe,

That feeds so vicerous, and so ranke a Spleene?

Emp. A woman.

Omn. VWoman! who?

Emp. The Fairie Queene:

Fiue Summers haue scarce drawn their glimmering

Through the Moons silver bowe, since the crownd

Of that adored beast, on which we ride, (heads

VVere stricke and wounded but so heal'd againe,

The very scarres were hid. But now, a mortall,

An vnreouerable blow is taken,

And it must bleed to death.

3. King.



3. *King.* Heaven cannot suffer it.

*Empr.* Heaven suffers it, and sees it, and giues ayme,  
Whilst euen our Empires heart is cleft in sunder:  
That strumpet, that inchantresse, (who, in robes  
White as is innocence, and with an eye  
Able to tempt stearne murder to her bed)  
Calles her selfe *Truth*, has stolne faire *Truths* attire,  
Her crowne, her sweet songs, counterfets her voyce,  
And by prestigious tricks in forcerie,  
Ha's raiz'd a base impostor like *Truths* father:  
This subtile Curtizan sets vp againe,  
Whom we but late banisht, to liue in caues,  
In rockes and desart mountaines.

2. *King.* Feare her not, shee's but a shadow.

*Empr.* O t'is a cunning Spider,  
And in her nets so wraps the Fairie Queene,  
That shee suckes euen her breast: Sh'as writ a booke,  
Which shee calles holy Spels.

3. *King.* Weele breake those spels.

*Empr.* The poles of heaven must first in sunder breake,  
For from the Fairie shores this Witch hath driuen  
All such as are like these (our Sooth-Saiers)  
And cal'd false *Seers* home, that of things past,  
Sing wonders, and diuine of things to come:  
Through whose bewitching tongues runne golden chaines,  
To which ten thousand eares so fast are bound,  
As spirits are by spells; that all the Tones  
Of harmony, that *Babylon* can sound,  
Are charmes to Adders, and no more regarded,  
Than are by him that's deafe, the sicke mans groanes  
Shee, they, *Titania*, and her Fairie Lords,  
Yea euen her vassaile elues, in publike scorne  
Defame me, call me Whore of *Babylon*.

*Omn.* O vnheard of prophanation!

*Empr.* Giue out I am common: that for lust, and hire  
I prostitute this body: that to Kings  
I quasse full bowles of strong enchanting wines,

To make them dote on me.

*Omn.* Lets heare no more.

*Emp.* And that all Potentates that tread on earth,  
With our abominations should be drunke,  
And be by vs vndone.

*Omn.* Weele heare no more.

*3. King.* You haue thrust Furies whips into our hands.

*1. King.* Say but the word, and weele turne home your wrōgs,  
In torne and bloody collours.

*2. King.* All her bowers,  
Shall like burnt offerings purge away (in fire)  
Her lands pollution.

*Omn.* Let's to armes.

*Empr.* Stay: heare me:

Her kingdome weares a girdle wrought of waues,  
Set thicke with pretious stones, that are so charm'd,  
No rockes are of more force: her Fairies hearts,  
Lie in enchanted towers (impregnable)  
No engine scales them. Therefore goe you three,  
Draw all your faces sweetly, let your browes  
Be sleekd, your cheekes in dimples, giue out smiles,  
Your voyces string with siluer, wooe (like louers)  
Swear you haue hils of pearle: shew her the world,  
And say shee shall haue all, so shee will kneele  
And doe vs reuerence: but if shee grow nice,  
Dissemble, flatter, stoope to lieke the dust  
Shee goes vpon, and (like to serpents) creepe  
Vpon your bellies, in humilities  
And beg shee would but with vs ioyne a league,  
To wed her land to ours: our blessing, goe.

*3. King.* When mines are to be blowne vp, men dig low.

*All three.* And so will wee.

*Emp.* Prosper: till this sunne set  
The beames that from vs shoot, seeme counterfet.

*Exeunt.*

*Manent 4. Cardinals, and certaine Priests.*

*1. Card.* This phyficke cures not me.

*2. Card.* Nor me.

*3. Card.*

3. Card. Nor vs.

1. Card. It is not strong of poyson, to fetch vp  
Thats bak't within: my gall is ouerflowne,  
My blood growne ranke and fowle: An inflammation  
Of rage, and madnes so burnes vp my liuer,  
That euen my heart-strings cracke (as in a furnace)  
And all my nerues into my eye-balles shrinke,  
To shoot those bullets, and my braines at once  
Against her soule that ha's halfe dambd vs: falls  
Fetcht hie, and neare to heauen, light on no ground,  
But in hels bottome, take their first rebound.

2. Card. Such are our falles: we once had mountaine-growth,  
With Pines and Cedars.

3. Card. Now with none of both.

1. Card. I could be glad to loose the diuine office  
Of my creation, to be turn'd into  
A dogge, so I might licke vp but her blood,  
That thrusts vs from our vineyards:

Tres. So could all.

4. Card. Reuenge were milke to vs.

2. Card. Manna.

1. Card. And it shall.

But how? wee will not (as the head supream  
Ouer all nations, counselleth) licke the dust  
The Faerie treads on, nor (like serpents) creepe  
Vpon our bellies in humilitie:  
This were (with Fencers) basely to giue ground,  
When the first bowt may speed: or to sound parly,  
Whilst they within, get swords to cut our throats:  
No, wee le at one blow strike the heart through.

Tres. How?

2. Card. By ponyards.

1. Card. No.

3. Card. Poyson.

1. Card. No.

4. Card. Treason.

1. Card. Neither.



2. Card. How (reuerend Como) then?

1. Card. Thus---let's consult---nay you shall heare.

You know that all the springs in Fairie land  
Ran once to one head: from that head, to vs  
The mountaine and the valley paid vs fruits,  
The field her corne, the countrey felt no heat:  
But from our fires: Plenty still spread our boards,  
And Charitie tooke away. We slept not forth  
But with a god-like adoration.  
All knees bowed low vnto vs: why was this?  
Why were our gardens *Eden*? why our bowers  
Built like to those in *Paradise*? I shall tell you,  
It was because the Law most mysticall,  
Was not made common: therefore was not vile;  
It was because in the great Prophets *Psalms*  
And hallowed Temples, we were *Christs*:  
It was because (wise Pylots) we from rockes,  
And gulfes infernall, safely set on shore  
Mens soules at yonder haue: or (becing shipwreckt)  
Strong lines forth cast we, suffering none to sink  
To that *Abisse*, which some hold bottomlesse.  
But now our very graues  
Cannot saue dead mens bones from shame and bruzes:  
The monumentall marble Vnes of bodies  
(Laid to rest long agoe) vnreuerently  
Are turned to troughes of water now for iades:  
Vast Charnel-houses, where our fathers heads  
Slept on the cold hard pillowes of the earth,  
Are emptied now, and chang'd to drinking roomes,  
Or vaults for baser office.

2. Card. What's therefore to be done?

1. Card. This must be done:

This shall be done: They hunted vs like wolues,  
Out of their Fairie forrests, whipt vs away  
(As vagabonds) mockt vs, and said our fall  
Could not be dangerous, because we bore  
Our gods vpon our backs: now must we whip them,

But:

But wiselier.

*Tres.* How?

1. *Card.* Thus: those that fill our roomes,  
Hold Beacons in their eies (blazing with fire  
Of a hot-seeming zeale) to watch our entrance,  
And to arme all against vs: these we must quench:  
They are counted wels of knowledge, poyson these wells:  
They are the kingdoms musicke, they the Organs,  
Vnto whose sound her Anthems now are sung,  
Set them but out of tune, alls out of square,  
Pull downe the Church, and none can it repaire,  
But he that builds it: this is the faggot band  
That binds all fast: vndoo't, vndoe the land —

*Card. omn.* Most certaine.

1. *Card.* You therefore (the best consort of the soule)  
Shepheards (whose flocks are men, lambs, Angels,) yon  
That hold the rooffe of yon Starre-chamber vp,  
From dropping downe to grinde the world to dust,  
You shall to Fairie land.

*Card. omnes.* A joyfull voyage.

1. *Card.* Those that sing there the holy Hymnes, as yet  
Haue not their voyces cleere, the streame of ceremony  
Is scarcely settled, trouble it more: bayte hookes  
To take some, some to choake: cast out your net  
At first, for all the frie: let vs spread sayles  
To draw vnto our shores the Fairie whales.  
That *Truth*, whose standard-bearer *Babylon*,  
And all we are, is not cleane driuen from thence,  
Whither we send you: there shee liues, but liues  
A widdow; steps not forth, dares not be seene  
During her moneth of mourning: here we write you  
How, and with whom to finde her: what shee bids,  
That doe: your hire's aboue.

*Card. omnes.* We know it well.

1. *Card.* And when you see those Fairy fishermen  
Rowe in your streames, when they grow cold in working,  
And weary of their owne waters, that the sayles

*The Woe of Babylon.*

(Which stily beare them vp) flag and hang low,  
And that (like reedes, playing with a paire of winds.)  
They promise facill pliance, then, then shake  
The trees by the root, then'le make the branches blow;  
And drop their mellowed fruits, euen at your feet,  
Gather them they are our owne, then is the houre,  
To weane those sonnes of blacke *Apostasi*  
From her. (their stepdame) and to make them take,  
A blessing from our reuerend mothers hands,  
Be happie goe.

*Card. Omn.* Wee shall remember you,  
In all our kneeling.

1. *Card.* Stay : ere you shift Ayre,  
Sprinkle your selues all ore with sacred droppes,  
Take *Periaptis*, *Pentacles*, and potent Charmes  
To coniure downe fowle feinds, that will be rayzed  
To vex you, tempt you, and betray your bloud,  
About your necks hang hallowed *Amulets*,  
That may Conserue you from the plagues of Error  
Which will strike at you.

*Sacr. Omn.* Wee obey most holy fathers.

1. *Car.* And heare you,  
If clymbing vp to this haught enterprize  
The foot slip, and (ith'fal) with death you meet--

*Sacr. Omn.* O glorious ladder!

1. *Car.* A Saints winding sheet,  
Farewell : Mount all the engines of your wit  
When darts are sent from all parts, some must hit. *Exeunt*  
There is a fellow to whome, because he dare *Sacr.*  
Not be a slaue to greatnes, nor is molded  
Of Court dow (flattering) but (should it thunder)  
To his father. doing ill, (would speake ill) our Empreſſe,  
Hath giuen this name. (Plaine Dealing) : this plaine dealing  
Haue I shipd hence, and is long since arrived  
Vpon the fairy strnod : from him I expect,  
Intelligence of all Occurrences,  
He for the names sake, shall perhaps be welcome,

Into



*The W. W. of Babilon*  
Into that Harlots Company (whom the fairyes  
Thinke honest, and sweare deeply, she is Truth.  
That Strumpet by inticement heele bring ouer,

2. *Card.* It came to me in letters (two dayes since.  
That this plaine dealing serues the fairy Queene,  
And will no more be seene in *Babilon*.

1. *Card.* How no more seene in *Babilon*, tis but one lost,  
If *Babilon* subscribe to our wise-dooome,  
Shee shall lodge Double-Dealing in his roome.

*Exeunt.*

*Titania Fidelity, Florimell, Elfron,*  
*Pensioners,*

*Tita.* Wee thought the fates would haue closde vp our eyes,  
That wee should nere haue seen this day-starre rise:  
How many plots were laid to barre vs hence,  
(Euen from our Cradle?) but our Innocence  
Your wisdom (fairy Peeres) and aboue all,  
That Arme) that cannot let a white soule fall,  
Hath held vs vp, and lifted vs thus hie,  
Euen when the Arrowes did most thickly flie:  
Of that bad woman, (*Babilons* proud Queene,  
Who yet (we heare) swels with Inuenomed Spleene.

*Fid.* Whose poyson, shall (like Arrowes shot vpright)  
When forth it bursts, to her owne downfall light.

*Tita.* Truth be my witnes (whome we haue imployde,  
To purge our Aire that has with plagues destroyed  
Great numbers, shutting them in darksome shades)  
I seeke no fall of hers, my Spirit wades,  
In Clearer streames; her bloud I would not shed,  
to gaine that triple wreath that binds her head,  
Tho mine shee would let forth, I know not why,  
Only through rancke lust after Souereigntie.

*Flor.* Enough! it is for me, if with a hand,  
(Vnstaind and vn-ambitious) fairy Land  
I Crowne with Oliue-branches: all those wounds,

Whose

Whose goary mouthes but lately staine our Rounds;  
 Bleed yet in me: for when great (a) *Elfine* (d) *Hen. 7.*  
 (Our grandfire) fild this throne, your bowers did shine  
 With fire-red Steele, and not with Fairies eyes,  
 You heard no musicke then, but shriekes and cries,  
 Then armed Vrchins, and stearne household Elues,  
 Their fatall pointed swords turnd on themselves.  
 But when the royall *Elfine* sat crowned,  
 These ciuill woes in their own depth lay drowned.  
 He to immortall shades beeing gone,  
 (Fames minion) great King (b) *Oberon* (b) *Hen. 8.*  
*Titaniaes* royall father, liuely springs,  
 Whose Court was like a campe of none but Kings.  
 From this great conquering Monarchs glorious stemmes,  
 Three (in direct line) wore his Diadem:  
 (c) A King first, then a paire of (d) *Queenes*, of whom, (c) *Edw. 6.*  
 Shee that was held a downe-cast, by Fates doome, (d) *Q. Mar.*  
 Sits now aboue their hopes: her maiden hand, & *Q. Eliz.*  
 Shall with a silken thred guide Fairie land.

*Om.* And may shee guide it,

*Fid.* Euen till stooping time

Cut for her (downe) long yeeres that shee may climbe  
 (With ease) the highest hill old age goes o're,  
 Or till her Fairie subiects (that adore  
 Her birth-day as their beeing) shall complaine,  
 They are weary of a peacefull, golden raigne.

*Titan.* Which, that they neuer shall, your stately towers  
 Shall keepe their ancient beauty: and your bowers  
 (Which late) like prophan'd Temples empty stood,  
 The tops defac'd by fire, the floores by blood,)  
 Shall be fill'd full of *Choristers* to sing  
 Sweet heauenly songs, like birds before the Spring  
 The flowers we set, and the fruits by vs sowne,  
 Shall cheere as well the stranger as our owne.  
 We may to strange shores once our selues be driuen,  
 For who can tell vnder what point of heauen  
 His graue shall open? neither shall our oakes,

*Trophies*

Trophies of reuerend Age, fall by our stroaks,  
Nor shall the brier, or hawthorne (growing vnder)  
Feare them, but flie to them, to get from thunder,  
And to be safe from forraine wild-fire balles,  
Weele build about our waters wooden walles.

*Omn.* On which weele spend for you our latest liues. *Enter*

*Titan.* Fairies I thank you all, Stay who comes here? *Parthen.*

*Flor.* *Parthenophill*, a Fairie Peere.

*Titan.* *Parthenophill*.

*Parth.* Bright Empresse, Queene of maides  
To vs your Lords, amidst your Fairie shades:  
Three Princes (so themselues they style) are come,  
From whence, they'l vs not learne, and doe intreat  
Faile, and a free access.

*Titan.* What is their businesse?

*Parth.* The splendor of your glories, which a farre  
Shines (as they say, and iustly say) as brightly  
As here at hand, hither them drawes, protesting  
All faith and seruice to you, and requesting  
That they the tribute of their loues may pay,  
At your most sacred feet.

*Titan.* Allow them entrance.

*Parth.* They in a Fairie maske, the argument  
Of this their dutie, gladly would present.

*Titan.* As best them please.

*The Hault-bryes sounding, Titania in dumbe shew sends her Lords to fetch  
them in, who enter bare headed the three Kings queintly attired  
like Masquers following them, who doing honour to her in-  
treat to dance with her maides, and doe so: This  
done they discover.*

*Titan.* Your painted cheeks beeing off, your owne discouers,  
You are no Fairies.

*All three.* No: but wounded louers.

*Titan.* How! louers! what! would you deflower my bed,  
And strike off a poore maiden-head?  
We know you not: what are you? and from whence?

*3. King.* The (a) land of whom the sunne so enamor'd is,  
He lends them his complexion, giues me birth, (a) *Spain*  
The Indian and his gold are both my slaues,



Vpon my sword (as on the Axell tree)  
A world of kingdomes mooue: and yet I write  
*Non sufficit.* that lustie sonne of loue  
That twelue times shewed himselfe more then a man,  
Reard vp two pillars for me, on whose Capitals  
I stand (*Colossus*-like) striding ore seas,  
And with my head knock at the roofof Heauene.  
Hence come I, this I am, (O most diuine)  
All that I am is yours, be you but mine.

2. King. The country (a) at whose breast, hundreds of Kings  
Haue royally bin fed, is nuree to me: (*a*) *France.*  
The god of grapes is mine, whose bounteous hand  
In clusters deales his gifts to euery land:  
My Empire beares for greatnes, pollicy,  
State, skill in Arts and Armes, sole soueraigntie  
Of this Globe vniuersall. All her Princes  
Are warriors borne: whose battels to be told,  
Would make the hearers souldiers: it is a land  
Of breath so sweet, and of aspect so faire,  
That to behold her, and to conquer her,  
(In amorous combats,) great king *Oheron*,  
Your awefull father, oft ha's thither come,  
Like to a bridegrome, or a Reneller,  
And gone agen in goodly triumphs home.  
From hence I spring, (fairest and most diuine)  
All that this is, is yours, be you but mine.

3. King. Be you but mine, and doubly will I treble  
Their glories, and their greatnesse: like to thunder  
My voyce farre off, shakes kingdomes; whilst mine owne  
Stand on Seauen (b) hills, whose towers, and pinnacles,  
And renarrend Monuments, hold in them such worth,  
And are so sacred; Emperours and Kings  
(Like barefoote pilgrims) at her feet doe fall,  
Bowing to her tribble crowne imperiall.  
The language which shee speakes, goes through the world,  
To proue that all the world should stoope to her,  
And (saue your selfe) they doe; you thinke you leaue  
A rich inheritance, if to your sonnes,  
Our fluent tongue you leaue, (nor need they more).

Who speake and spend it well, cannot be poore:

On many nations necks, a foot to set,  
If it be glorious, then may you be great.

1. *King.* We are all pleas'd, so please you be the bride,  
Of three, we care not which two be deni'd.

2. *King.* For we are brethren, and those sacred breasts  
From whence we draw our nourishment, would runne  
Nectar to you (sweete as the food of life:)

Our aged mother twentie times an hower,  
Would breath her wholesome kisses on your cheek,  
And from her own cup you should drinke that wine  
Which none but Princes tast, to make you looke  
With cheerefull countenance.

3. *King.* You haue a (a) sonne, (a) The Trifb.  
Rebellious, wild, ingratefull, poore, and yet  
Apollo from's owne head cuts golden lockes,  
To haue them grow on his: his harp is his,  
The darts he shoots are his: the winged messenger  
That runnes on all the errands of the gods,  
Teaches him swiftnesse, hee'l outstrip the windes:  
This child of yours is (by adoption)  
Our mothers now, her blessing he receiues;  
And tho (as men did in the golden Age)  
He liue ith' open fields, hiding his head  
In dampish caues, and woods, (sometimes for feare,)  
Yet doe we succour him. This your lost sheep,  
We home agen will bring, to your owne fold,  
Humbly to graze vpon your Faerie plaines,  
Prouided, that you sow them with such seed,  
On which your whole land wholesomely may feed.

*Titan.* We know you now: O what a deale of paines  
Would you (as others of this wing haue taken)  
To be in Faerie land calld Soueraignes?  
Thanks for it: rashly nothing must we doe:  
When kingdoms marrie, heauen it selfe stands by  
To giue the bride: Princes in tying such bands,  
Should vse a thousand heads, ten thousand hands:  
For that one Acte giues like an enginous wheele  
Motion to all, sets all the State a going.

And windes it vp to height, or hurles it down,  
The least blast turnes the scale, where lies a crowne:  
VVeele therefore take aduice. If these thinke fit  
VVe should be yours, you ours, we signe to it:  
Your counsell Fairie Lords: *Fidels* speake.

*Fid.* Would you (my royal mistres) haue those christal  
Faire, double-leaued doores, where light comes for th  
To cheere the world, neuer to open more?

VVould you haue all your slubbers turn'd to dreams,  
Frightfull and broken? would you see your Lords  
(In stead of sitting at your Councell boards)  
Locking their graue, white, reuerend heads in Steele?  
Ifso, you cannot for all Fairie land  
Find men to fit you better.

*Titan.* *Florimell,*

Breathes there in you *Fidels* spirit?

*Flor.* No Lady.

3. *King.* No nor in eny brest that's sound: true Couceller,  
Already you speake musicke: you are strung

VVith golden chords; Angels guide on your tongue.

*Flor.* These potent, politicke, and twin-borne States,  
VVould to their mitred fortunes tie our fates:

Our Fairie groues are greene, our temples stand

Like goodly watch-towers, wafting passengers

From rockes, & carriue them in the Holy land:

Peace (here) eats fruits, which her own hand hath sown,

Your lambes with lyons play: about your throne,

The Palme, the Lawrell, and the abundant Vine

Grow vp, and with your roses doe entwine.

But if these gripe your Scepter once,

*Titan.* VVhat then?

*Flor.* Vultures are not more rauens than these men,

Confusion, tyranie, vproares will shake all,

Tygres, & wolues, and beares, will fil your seat:

In nothing (but in miserie) youle be great:

Those black and poisonous waters that bore down

In their rough torrent, Fairie townes and towers,

And drownd our fields in *Mariannes* daies,

VVill (in a mercilesse inundation)



Couer all againe : red Seas will flow againe,  
The Deuill will roare againe : if these you loue,  
Be (as the Serpent,) wise then, tho a Dove.

2. *King* This hee that speaks in musicke?

*Titan.* Are you all,  
Of this opinion Lordes?

*Omn.* All, all.

*All* 3. Lets hence.

3. *King* V When close plots faile, vse open violence.

*Titani.* Stay: Princes are free-borne, & haue free will;  
Theis are to vs, as vallies are to hills,  
VVe may, be counceled by them, not controld:  
Our wordes our Law.

*Elfyr.* Bright Souereigne.

*Titan.* Y are too bold.

3. *King* I knew the fort would y eeld.

1. *King* Attend.

2. *King* Shees ours.

*Titan.* You would Combine a League, which these  
would breake.

1. *King* A League!

2. *King* Holy.

3. *King* Honorable.

*Titan.* Nay heare me speake,

You court me for my loue, you I embrace  
As maides doe Suiters, with a smiling face  
as you doe me : receiue our answere then: —

I cannot loue you : — what ! such hardy men

And flie for one repulse ? I meane as yet,

As yet I'm not at leifure : But I sweare

Euen by my birth-day, by the crowne I weare,

By those sweet waters, which into vs powre

Health, that no sicknes taints, by that blest flower

Vpon whose roseal stalke our peace does grow,

I sweare I will my loue on you bestow,

V When one day comes, which now to you Ile name.

1. *King* The time ! O blessed time !

2. *King* Balme to our sorrow.

3. *King* Name that most happie houre.

**Tita.** May be to morrow :

Marke els and iudge whether it may or no :

When Lambes of ours, are kild by wolues of yours,

Yet no bloud suckt: when Heaven two Suns endures :

When Soules that rest in vnder-groundes,

Heare Anthems sung, and prayse the soundes:

When drops of water are so spilt,

That they can wash out murders guilt :

When Surgeons long since dead and gone,

Can cure our woundes, being cald vpon:

When from yon towers I heare one cry,

You may kill Princes lawfully:

When a Court has no Parasite,

When truth speakes false, and falshood right:

When Conscience goes in cloth of gold,

When Offices are giuen, not sold:

When merchants wiues hate costly clothes,

When ther's no lies in tradsmens oathes :

When Farmers by deere yeeres do letze,

And Lawyers sweare to take no fees :

(And that I hope will neuer, neuer bee)

But then (and not till then) I sweare,

Shall your bewitching Charmes sleepe in mine eare.

Away.

*Exeunt Faies: M. enters 3. Kings.*

1. **King** Derided to our faces!

2. **King** Baffuld!

3. **King** Made fooles!

1. **King** This must not be.

*Om.* It shall not be.

3. **King** Reuenge:

Flie to our Empres bosome, there sucke treason,

Sedition, Herezies confederacies,

The violation of al sacred leagues.

The combination of all leagues vniust,

The dispensation for sacramentall oathes,

And when ye are swolne with theis, returne againe,

And let their poyson raine downe here in showres:

Whole heards of bulls loaden with hallowed curses,

VVith Interdictions, excommunications,

And

And with vnbinding Subiects fealties,  
And with large pattents to kill Kings and Queens  
Drive roaring hither, that vpon their hornes  
This Empire may be tost.

2. *King.* Shée shall bee come,  
Euen ioynt from ioynt: to haue her baited wel,  
(If we cannot) wee will vn-kennell hell:

1. *King.* Will not you home with vs?

3. *King.* No: here Ile lurke,  
And in a Dove-like shape rauen vpon Doves:  
Ile suck allegiance from the common brest,  
Poyson the Courtier with ambitious drugs,  
Throw bane into the cups where learning drinkes,  
Ile be a Saint, a Furie, Angell, Deuill,  
Or'e Seas, on this side Seas, Devils forrenors,  
VVith Devils within hel freedome, Devils in Vaults.  
And with Church Devil, be it your soules health,  
To drinke downe Babylonian Stratagems.  
And to forge three-forkt thunderbolts at home,  
VVhilst I melt Sulphure here: If the sweet bane  
I lay bee swallowed, oh! a Kingdome bursts,  
But if the poysoned hooke be spied, then leuy  
Eightie eight Legions, and take open armes,  
The Guidon shall be mine, Ile beare the Standard.

*Omn.* Twill be a glorious warre.

1. *King.* Farewell.

3. *King.* Bee gon, then one.

V Who cleaues a Realmes head, needs more swordes.

*Exeunt.*

*Fideli, Florimell, Parthenophil, Alfiron,*

*Flory.* These euill Spirits are vext, & tho they vanisht  
Like hideous dreames, yet haue they left behind them,  
Throbs, and heart.aking, in the generall boosome,  
As omynous bodings. Fairy Lackeyes.—

4. *Footmen.* Here.

*Flory.* Flie Sirra through the Ayre and neuer rest

(On



*The VVorld of Drayton*

(On paine to be into an vrchin tūnd)

Till thou hast fixt vpon the highest gates, (Exit.

Of our greatst Cities Ther's a warning peece. Away.

*Fidel.* Theis to the Spirits that our waters keepe,

Charge the that none rowst ther, but those whose nets,

Are cast out of our Fairy gundolets. Away. (Exit. 2.

*Elfy.* Theis to the keepers of those royall woods

VVhere Lyons, Pantheres, and the kingly heardes

Feede in one company; that if wild Boares,

Mad Buls, or raving Beares, breake in for prey,

Hoping to make our groues their wildernes,

Ours may like souldiers bid the battaile. Fly. (Exit. 3.

*Parth.* Theis to the Shepheards on our Fairie downs

To warne them not to sleepe, but with sweet Layes

And lolly pipings driue into fat pastures (Exit. 4.

Their goodly flocks: VVholes are abroad say, Fly.

*Fidel.* Place Prouidence, (because she has quick eye:

And is the best at kenning) in our Nauy,

Courage shall wait on her.

*Titania and  
her maids  
standing aloofe.*

*Flor.* No: shees most fit

To goe with vs.

*Omn.* Let her in Counsell sit.

*Fid.* Tis said: and least they breake into our walkes

And kill our fairie dear, or change themselues

Into the shape of Fawnes, being indeed foxes,

Range all the Forrest danger to preuent,

Forefight, beats stormes backe, when most Imminent.

*Omn.* Away then. (Exit.

*Manent Titania, and her maides.*

*Titani.* Wise Pilots? firmest pillers? how it agrees,

When Princes heads sleepe on their counsels knees:

Deepe rooted is a state, and growes vp hie,

VVhen Prouidence, Zeale, and Integritie

Husband it well: Theis fathers will be said

(One day) make me a grandame of a maid.

Meane time my farewell to such gaudy lures

As here, were thrown vp t' haue me quite ore-thrown,

I charge you maids, entertaine no desires,

Soirreligious and vnsanctified;

Oh, they ha snakes sleeky tongues, but hearts more rugged  
Then is the Russian Beare: our Fairie bowres  
Would turne to Arabian desarts, if such flowers,  
(Mortall as killing Hemlocke) here should grow,  
Which to preuent, Ile haue you vow.

*Ans.* We vowe  
By the white balles in bright *Titanides* eyes,  
We their enchantments skorne.

*Titan.* It does suffice;  
To bind it sure, Strew all your meades with charmes,  
Which if they doe no good, shall doe no harme.

*Ans.* Here comes your new sworne seruant.

*Enter Plaine dealing.*

*Titan.* Now Sirra, where haue you bin?

*Plaine.* Where haue I bin? I haue bin in the brauest prison----

*Titan.* What prison? a braue prison? Can there be a braue prison?

*Plaine.* All your fine men liue and die there, it's the Knights  
ward, and therefore must needs bee braue: some call it an *Ordin-*  
*arie*, but I say tis a prison, for most of our gallants that are ser-  
ued enery day with woodcockes there, lie there in a manner vp-  
on Execution: they dare not peepe out of doores for feare of  
Serieants.

*Titan.* What are those Serieants?

*Plaine.* Doe not you know (*mistresse*) what Serieants are? a  
nũber of your courtiers are deare in their acquaintance: why they  
are certaine men-midwiues, that neuer bring people to bed, but  
when they are sore in labour, that no body els can deliuer them.

*Titan.* Are there such places in our kingdome, as Ordinaries,  
what is the true fashion of them, whats their order?

*Plaine.* They are out of all true fashion: they keep no order.

*Titan.* Where about in Fairie land stand they?

*Plaine.* In your great cittie: and here's the picture of your *Or-*  
*dinarie*.

*Titan.* When Master Painter please we shall haue it: come Sir.

*Plaine.* Your gallants drink here right worshipfully, eat most  
impudently, dice most swearingly, sweare most damnably, quar-  
rell most desperatly, and put vp most cowardly. Suppose I were  
a young countrey gentleman, and that I were to come in (like an  
asse) among 'em, new cast into the bonds of fatten.

*Titan.* What then?

*Plain.* Mary then doe all the gylt rapiers turne their Tobacco faces in the roome vpon me, and they puffe, they gape on a fresh man like so many stale Oysters at a full tyde: then is there no salt to throw vpon them, and to make them leaue gaping, but this; to cast off his cloake, hauing good cloathes vnderneath, single out some in the roome worse accoustred then himselfe, with him to walke boldly vp and downe strutting, laugh alowd at any thing, talke alowde of nothing, so they make a noise, it is no matter.

*Titan.* You are growne sirra an obseruer since you came out of Babylon.

*Plain.* Troth mistresse, I left villains and knaues there, & find knaues & fooles here: for your Ordinary is your Isle of Gullies, your ship of fooles, your hospitall of incurable madmen: it is the field where your captaine and braue man is cal'd to the last reckoning, and is ouerthrown horse and foot: it is the onely schoole to make an honest man a knave: for Intelligencers may heare enough there, to set twenty a begging of lands: it is the strangest Chesse-board in the world.

*Titan.* Why?

*Plain.* Because in some games at Chesse, knights are better then pawnes, but here a good payne is better then a knight.

*Titan.* Affoord our shores such wonders?

*Plain.* Wonders? why this one little Cocke-pit, (for none come into it, but those that haue spurs) is able to shew all the follies of your kingdome, in a few Apes of the kingdome.

*Titan.* Haue we not in our Land Physitions To purge these red impostumes?

*Plain.* Troth yes mistresse; but I am *Plaine dealing*, and must speake truth, thou hast many Physitions, some of the sound men, but a number of them more sicke at heart, then a whole parish full of Patients: let them cure themselues first, & then they may better know how to heale others: then haue you other fellowes that take vpon them to be Surgeons, and by letting out the corruption of a State, and they let it out Ile be sworne, for some of them in places as big as this, and before a thousand people, rip vp the bowels of vice in such a beastly manner, that (like women at an Execution, that can endure to see men quartred alie) the behol-



beholders learne more villany then they knew before: others likewise there be of this confort last named, that are like Beadles bribed, they whip, but draw no blood, and of these I haue made a Rime. *Titan.* Let's heare it.

*Plain.* Those that doe jerk these times, are but like fleas, They bite the skinne, but leap from the disease.

*Titan.* Ile haue you Sir (because you haue an eye so sharply pointed) to looke through and through that our great Citie, and like death, to spare the liues of none, whose conscience you find sickly and going.

*Plain.* If I giue you the copie of the Cities countenance, Ile not flatter the face, as painters do; but shew al the wrinckles of it.

*Titan.* Doe so, you shall no more to *Babylon*, But liue with vs, and be our Officer.

*Plain.* Haue I any kinned in your Court? is there any one of my name an officer? if there bee, part vs; because it will not bee good, to haue two of the *Plain-dealings* in one office, they'l bee beggars if they doe.

*Titan.* No Sirra, wee'le prouide you shall not want VVhilst vs you serue. Goe learne where *Truth* doth lie.

*Plain.* Nay, nay, I haue heard of her, she dwelles (they say) at the signe of the Holy Lambe.

*Titan.* VVee built her vp a lodging at our cost, To haue her labour in our Vineyards:

For till shee came, no Vines could please our taste;

But of her fining Set your hand to hers,

Liue with her in one house, fetch from our Court

Maintenance to serue you all: it will be to her

A comfort to haue you stil by her sides,

Shee ha's such prettie and delightfull songs,

That you will count your foresh labour light,

And time well spent only to heare her sing.

Away loose no more minutes:

*Pl.* Not a minute: Ile set more watches then a clockmaker. *Exit.*

*Elfm.* *Paridel.*

*Titan.* VVhats yonder man that kneeles?

*Elf.* Tis (a) *Paridel*, I won't surmise shot him (a) *Doctor Parry.*

*Titan.* Our doctor?

*Par.* The most wretched in your land,

the most in soule dejected; the most base,  
And most vnseruiceable weede, vnles  
You by your heavenly Influence change his vilenes  
Into a vertuall habit fit for vse.

*Tita.* Oh: we remember it; you are condemn'd.

*Elf.* To Death.

*Pari.* Deseruedly.

*Tita.* You had your hand  
Not coulored with his blood.

*Elf.* No deereſt Lady  
Vpon my vowed Loyalty.

*Pari.* The law, hath fastned on me only for attempt,  
It was no actuall nor commenced violence  
That brought death with it, but intent of ill.

*Tita.* We would not saue them, that delight to kill,  
For so we wound our selues: blood wrongly spilt  
Who pardons, hath a share in halfe the guilt.

You strooke, our lawes not hard, yet what the edge  
Of Iustice could take from you, mercy giues you  
(Your life.) You haue it signed, rize.

*Pari.* May yon Clouds  
Muster themſelues in Armies, to confound  
Him that shall wish you dead, hurt, or vncrownd.

*Pathenophill with Campeius.*

*Par.* To run in debt thus basely for a life,  
To spend which, had beene glory / O most vile  
The good I reape from this superfluous grace,  
Is but to make my selfe like *Casars* horse,  
To kneele whilst he gets vp my backe must beare  
Till the chine crack, yet still a seruile feare  
Must lay more loades on me, and presse me downe.  
V When Princes giue life, they so bind men to em,  
That trusting them with too much, they vndo em.  
V Who then but I, from steps so low would rise  
Great fortunes (earn'd thus) are great Slauieries:  
Snatcht from the common hangmans hands for this  
To haue my mind feele torture! now I see,  
V When good dayes come, (the Gods so seldome giue them,)  
That tho we haue them, yet we scarce beleue them.

Heart

*Ed. Camp.*  
Hearthow art thou confinde? and bard of roome,  
Thart quicke enough, yet liuest within a tombe.

*Tita.* His name.

*Parth.* (*a*) *Campeius*: Deeply learmed. (*a*) *Ed. Camp.*

*Tit.* We heare so:

But with it heare (from some whome we haue weied  
For iudgement and experience) that he caries:  
A soule within him framde of a thousand wheeles<sup>e</sup>  
Yet not one stedy.

*Parth.* It may be the rumor  
That thus spreades ouer him, flowes out of hate.

*Tita.* Belieue vs no: of his, and to others fate,  
The threedes are too vnlike, to haue that wouen.

*Camp.* To gaine her crowne Ile not kneele thus.

*Tita.* Besides

The haruest which he seekes is reapde already:  
We haue bestowed it

*Parth.* Here then dies our sute.

*Tita.* Now shall you trie with what impatience  
That bay tree will endure a little fire,  
My Lord, my Lord,  
Such swelling spirites hid with humble lookes,  
Are kingdoms poysons, hung on golden hookes,

*Parth.* I hope heele proue none such.

*Tita.* Such men oft proue.  
Valleyes that let in riuers to confound  
The hils aboue them, tho themselves lie drounde,  
My Lord, I like not calme and cunning seas  
That to haue great ships taken or distrest,  
Suffer base gallyes to creepe ore their breast,  
Let course harts weare course skins: you know our wil.

*Parth.* Which (as a doome diuine) I shall fulfill.

*Camp.* Thrown downe, or raizd?

*Parth.* All hopes (for this) are gone,  
ome planet stands in opposition.

*Camp.* Vmh: So.

*Tita.* Now Doctor *Paridell*.

*Par.* An humble suite,  
I am growne bold finding so free a giter,



Where beggers once take almes, they looke for't euer.

*Tita.* You ha beene sworne our seruant long.

*Par.* Tenne yeares.

*Tita.* And we should wrong you, since you take vs gi-  
To let you goe with life, that should want liuing,  
What is it we can grant you.

*Par.* I ha beene by two great Fayries in your land,  
(Opprest I dare not say) but so beaten downe,  
And suncke so low now with my last disgrace,  
That all my happy thoughts lie in the dust,  
Asham'd to looke vp yet : most humbly therefore  
Begge I your gracious leaue that I may vary,  
This native Aire for Forren.

*Tita.* Oh you would trauell,  
You may, you haue our leaue : Challenge our hand.

*Par.* Stormes are at Sea, when it is calme at land. *Exit.*

*Fideli Florimell.*

*Fidel.* The Sea-God hath vpon your maiden shoares,  
(On Dolphins backs that pittie men distrest)  
In safetie sett a people that implores,  
The Soueraigne mercie flowing from your brest.

*Tita.* What people are they ?

*Fidel.* Neighbours : tis the nation, *The Netherlanders.*  
With whome our Faries interchange commerce,  
And by negotiation growne so like vs,  
That halfe of them are Fayries : th' other halfe  
Are hurtfull Spirits, that with sulphurous breath  
Blast their corne feilds, deface their temples, cloth  
their townes in mourning, poyson hallowed founts,  
And make their goodliest Cities stand (like tombes)  
Full of dead bodies, or (like pallaces,  
From whence the Lords are gone) all desolate.  
They haue but 17. daughters young and faire,  
Vowd to liue vestalls, and to know the touch  
Of any forced or vnreuerend hand.  
Yet Lust and Auarice (to get their dowers)  
Lay barbarous seidge against their chastitie,  
Threaten to ravish them, to make their bodies  
The temples of polution, or their bedds,

*Graues*

Graues where their honors shall lie buried,  
They pray to haue their virgins wait on you,  
That you would be their mother, and their nurse;  
Their Guardian and their Gouvernour, when Princes  
Haue their liues giuen 'em, fine and golden threds  
Are drawne and spun (for them) by the good fates,  
That they may lift vp others in low states.

*Tis.* Els let our selfe decline, giue them our presence:  
In my sery all nations should be kin,  
And lend a brothers hand, vther them in. *Exeunt.*  
Stood here my foes (distrest) thus would I grieue them,  
Not how they ha bin, but how I might relieue them.

*Parthenophill.*

*Patb.* Your good deeds (matchlesse Fayrie) like the Sun,  
(Rising but onely in this poynt of heauen,  
Spred through the world, So that a Prince (made wretched,  
By his vnhappy father, that lies slaine  
By barbarous swords, and in his goary wounds,  
Drownes all the hopes of his posteritie)  
Hether, is like an orphan come (from farre)  
To get reliefe and remedie gainst those,  
That would defeat him of his portion.

*Tita.* Pittie and we had talke before you came,  
She hath not taken yet her hand from ours,  
Nor shall shee part, vntill those higher powers  
Behold that Prince: good workes are theirs, not ou'rs;  
Goe: bid him trust his misery in our hands,  
Great trees I see do fall, when the shrub stands. *Exeunt.*

*Fideli Florimell the States of the countries,*

*Parthenophill Elfyron, the Prince of*

*Portugal.*

*To the States.*

*Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque Inuabo.*

*Non ignara mali, miseris succurere disco.*

*Exeunt.*

*The third King to the King of Portugall.*

*3. King.* Stands my heard right? the gowne I must looke graue,  
White haire like filuer cloudes a priuledge haue,

*Not*

Not to be search'd, or be suspected fowle:  
 Make away those 2. turne coates. Suite me next  
 Like to a Sattin diuell (brauely) flie  
 Your sayles shape: be here immediatly. *Enter*  
 So: excellent: a subtile masque: alls fit,  
 This very cap makes my head swell with wit.  
 Mongst souldiers, I haue plaid the souldier,  
 Bin mutinous, raild at the State, curfd peace:  
 They walke with crosse-arnes, gaping for a day,  
 Haue vnder-shord their eie-lids (like trap windows.)  
 To keep them open, and with yawning eares,  
 Lie listning on flocke bolsters, till rebellion  
 Beat vp her drum: this lards me fat with laughter,  
 Their swords are drawn halfe way, & all those throats  
 That are to bleed are mark'd: and all those doores,  
 Where ciuill Massacres, murders (di'd in graine)  
 Spoile, riflins, and sweet ravishments shall enter,  
 Haue tokens stamp'd on them (to make 'em knowne)  
 More dreadfull then the Bills that preach the plague:  
 From them, with oyl'd hammes (lap'd in seruile blew)  
 I stole, and fil'd out wine of *Babylon*,  
 To liue things (made of clods) poore countrey sots,  
 And drunke they are: whole shires with it do reele,  
 Poysons run smooth, because men sweetnes feele.  
 Now to my schoole-men, Learnings fort is strong,  
 But poorely man'd, and cannot hold out long  
 VVhen golden bullets batter. — Yonders one —  
 Y'are a poore scholler?

*Campeius.* Yes.

3. *King.* VVhat read you?

*Camp.* A booke.

3. *King.* So learned, yet so young?

*Camp.* Yee may see Sir.

3. *King.* You feede some discontent?

*Camp.* Perhaps I ha cause.

3. *King.* VVhat troubles you?

*Camp.* You trouble me: pray leaue me.

3. *King.* Put your selfe, and your griefe into my hands.

*Camp.* Say yee?



3. *King* Put your selfe & your grief into my hands.

*Camp.* Are you a Doctor? your hands Sir, pray why?

3. *King.* You know me not.

*Camp.* Do you know your selfe? your busines?  
Are you a scholler?

3. *King* Iudge of that by these.

*Camp.* Oh Sir, I haue scene many heads vnder such  
That scarce had braines to line it: if y are a scholler,  
Mee thinks you should know manners, by your leaue

3. *King.* Pray leaue your name behind you. Sir.

*Camp.* Name, *Campeius*.

3. *King.* *Campeius*! *vinh: Campeius*? a lucky planet  
strikes out this houre: *Campeius*! *Babylon*,  
His name hath in her tables: on his forehead,  
Our Queenc hath set her marke: it is a mould  
Fit to cast mischeife in: none sooner rent  
A Church in two, then Schollers discontent.  
I must not loose this *Martines* nest, — once more  
Y are happely met.

*Camp.* This bur stil hang on mee?  
And you Sir.

3. *King* Tell me pray, did you neuer tast? me bold, did you  
Those cleere & redolent fountains that do nourish, neer tast  
In viue and fresh humiditie those plants  
That grow on thother side (our opposites)  
Those that to vs here, are th' Antipodes,  
Cleane against vs in grounds: you feele me say  
Ne're drunke you of that nectar.

*Camp.* Neuer.

3. *King* Neuer?  
I wish you had, I gather from your eyes,  
V What your discafe is, I ha bin your selfe,  
This was *Campeius* once (tho not so learn'd)  
For I was bred (as you) in Fairy Land,  
A Country! well, but tis our country: and so,  
Good to breed beggers: Shee starues Arts: farts: fools,  
Shee sets vp drinking roomes, & pulls downe schools.

*Camp.* So Sir.

3. *King* No more but so Sir: this discourse

Not to be search'd, or be suspected fowle:  
Make away those 2. turne coates. Suite me next  
Like to a Sattin diuell (brauely) flie  
Your sayles shape: be here immediatly. *Enter*  
So: excellent: a subtle masque: alls fit,  
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Fit to cast mischeife in: none sooner rent  
A Church in two, then Schollers discontent.  
I must not loose this *Marines* nest, — once more  
Y are happely met.

*Cmp.* This bar stil hang on mee!  
And you Sir.

3. *King* Tell me pray, did you neuer tast — I me bold — did you  
Those cleere & redolent fountains that do nourish, *nee'r* tast  
In viue and fresh humiditie those plants  
That grow on thother side (our opposites)  
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V What your disease is, I ha bin your selfe,  
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Good to breed beggers: Shee starues Arts: farts: fools,  
Shee sets vp drinking roomes, & pulls downe schools.

*Camp.* So Sir.

3. *King* No more but so Sir, this discourse



Pallats not you.

*Cam.* Yes.

3. *King.* Nothing hath passed me  
I hope, against my countrey, or the State,  
That any you can take hold of.

*Cam.* If they could,  
Tis but mine I, to your no.

3. *King.* You are to sowre  
Vnmellowed; you stand here in the shade,  
Out of the warmth of those blest ripening beames, --  
Goe to -- I grieve that such a blossome -- (rais'd.

*Cam.* Sir, I know you not this thing which you haue  
Affrights me: schollers of weake temper need  
To feare (as they on Sunbankes lie to read)  
Adders with highest grasse: these leaues but turn'd,  
Like willow stickes hard rub'd may kindle fire,  
Cities with sparkes as small haue oft beene burn'd.

3. *King.* Doe you take me for a hangman?

*Cam.* I would be loath,  
For any harsh tune that my tongue may warble,  
To haue the instrument vnstrung.

3. *King.* You shall not:  
Welfare vnto you.

*Cam.* And to you. A word Sir  
Bred in this countrey?

3. *King.* Yes.

*Cam.* I am no bird  
To breake mine own nest downe: what flight soeuer  
Your words make through this ayre (tho it be troubled)  
Myne eare Sir, is no reaching Fowling piece  
What passes through it, kills: you may proceed,  
Perhaps you would wound that, I wish should bleed  
You haue th' aduantage now,  
I put the longest weapon into your hands.

3. *King.* It shall guard you:  
You draw me by this line: let's private walke.

*Cam.* This path vnbruz'd: goe on Sir.

3. *King.* Sir I loue you,  
The Dragons that keep learnings golden tree.

As you now haue, I fought with, conquered them,  
Got to the hig hest bough, eat of the fruit,  
And gathered of the seauen-fold leaues of Art,  
What I desir'd; and yet for all the Moones  
That I haue seene waxe olde, and pine for anger,  
I had outwatched them: and for all the candles  
I wasted out on long, and frozen nights,  
To thaw them into day, I filld my head  
With books, but scarce could filmy mouth with bread:  
I had the Muses smile, but moneyes frowne,  
And neuer could get out of such a gowne.

*Camp.* How did you change your starre?

*3. King.* By changing Aires:

The god of waues waht of my pouertie,  
I fought out a new sunne beyond the seas,  
V whose beames begat me gold.

*Camp.* O me dull asle!

I am nail'd downe by wilfull heggerie,  
Yet feele not where it enters: like a horse  
My hooves are par'd to'th quicke) even til they bleed,  
To make me runne from hence, yet this Tortois shell,  
(My countrey) lies so heauy on my backe,  
Pressing my worth downe, that I slowly creep  
Through base and slimie waies.

*3. King.* Countrey!

*Camp.* Shee hangs

Her owne brats at her backe, to teach them begge,  
And in her lap sets strangers.

*3. King.* Yet your countrey

*Camp.* I was not borne to this, not school'd to this,  
My parents spent not wealth on me to this,  
I will not stay here long.

*3. King.* Doe not.

*Camp.* Beeing hence, and may you grow fatter  
He write in gall and poyson gainst my nurse  
This Fairie land, for liberewarding merit:  
If euer I come backe, he be a Cald drop  
To pricke my countries feet, that tread on me.

*3. King.* O shee's ynkind, hard-hearted!

*Camp.* In disputation  
I dare for latine, hebrew, and the greeke,  
Challenge an vniuersitie; yet, (O euill hap!)  
Three learned languages cannot set a nap  
Vpon this thred-bare gowne: how is Arte curs'd?  
Shee ha's the sweetest lymbes, and goes the worst  
Like common Fiddlers, drawing down others meate  
With lickorish tunes, whilst they on scraps do eate.

*3. King.* Shake then these seruile fetters off.

*Camp.* But how?

*3. King.* Play the mules part, now thou hast suckt a dam  
Drie and vnholosome, kicke her sides:

*Camp.* Her heart--her very heart--  
Would it were drier to dust, to strew vpon  
Th' inuenomed paper vpon which he write.

*3. King.* Know you the Court of *Babylon*?

*Camp.* I haue read,  
How great it is, how glorious, and would venter  
A soule to get but thither.

*3. King.* Get then thither, you venture none, but saue  
a soule going thither:  
The Queene of *Babylon* rides on a beast,  
That carries vp seauen heads.

*Camp.* Rare.

*3. King.* Each head crow'nd. *Enter his man like a fay.*

*Camp.* O admirable! *ler with rich attires vnder his arme.*

*3. King.* Shee with her owne hand  
Will fil thee wine out of a golden bowle.  
There's Angels to conduct thee. Get to sea,  
Steale o're, behold, here's one to waite thee hence,  
Take leaue of none, tell none, th' art made, farewell.

*Camp.* Thus to meet heauen, who would not wade through hell?

*Exeunt Campeius and Saylor, manet 3. King.*

*enter Saylor presently.*

*3. King.* To flea off hypocrisie, tis time,  
Least worne too long, the Foxes skinne be knowne:  
In our dissembling now we must be brane,  
Make me a courtier come, As flies I see,  
In nothing but in trappings, different be

From



From foote-cloth nags, on which gay fellows ride,  
Sawe that such gallants gallop in more pride.

Away. Stow vnder hatches that light stuffe:

It is to be worne in Babylon.

At this groue,

And much about this howre, a slaue well moulded,

In profound, learned villany, gaue oath *Enter Coniur.*

To meet me: Art thou come? Can thy blacke Arte

This wonder bring to passe?

*Con.* See, it is done.

*3. King.* *Tis mine picture right.*

*Con.* This virgin waxe,

Burie I will in slime putred ground,

Where it may peece-meale rot: As this consumes,

So shall shee pine, and (after languor) die.

These pinnes shall sticke like daggers to her heart,

And eating through her breast, turne there to gripings

Cramp-like Convulsions, shrinking vp her nerues,

As into this they eate.

*3. King.* Thou art fard for euery

If these thy holy labours well succedd,

Statues of molten brasse shall reare thy name,

The Babylonian Emperesse shall thee honour.

And (for this) each day shalt thou goe in chaines.

Where wilt thou burie it?

*Coniur.* On this dung-hill.

*3. King.* Good.

And bind it down with most effectuall charmes;

That whosoever with unhallowed hands,

Shall dare to take thence, may raue and die.

*Con.* Leave me.

*3. King.* Farewell and prosper: be blinde yousides,

You looke on things vnlawfull with sore eies. *Exit.*

*Dumbe showe.* The Hunts-boys sound, and whilst he is burying the pi-

cture, Truth and Timewiter, Fideli; Parthenophil, Ellison, and a

Guard following aloofe: They discover the fellow, bee taken, the picture

found, bee kyeckles for mercy; but they making signes of refusal,

be snatcheth at some weapon to kill himselfe, as preuen-

ted, and led away.

*The Empress, Cardinals &c.*

*Emp.* Who sets those tunes to mocks vs? Stay them.

*Om.* Peace.

*1. King* Peace there.

*1. Card.* No more: your musicke must be dombe.

*Emp.* When those Caelestiall bodies that doe moue,  
Within the sacred Spheres of Princes bosomes  
Goe out of order, tis as if yon Regiment,  
Weare all in vp-roare: heauen should then be vext,  
Me thinkes such indignation should resemble,  
Dreadfull eclipfes, that portend dire plagues  
To nations, fall to Empires, death to Kings,  
To Citties deuastation, to the world,  
That vniuerfall hot calamitie  
Of the last horror. But our royall blood,  
Beates in our veines like seas struggling for bounds,  
*Actus* burts in vs: bearded Comets shoote  
Their vengeance through our eyes: our breath is lightning,  
Thunder our voyce; yet, as the idle Cannon,  
Strikes at the Aires Invulnerable breast)  
Our darts are phillip'd backe in mockery,  
Wanting the poynts to wound.

*1. King* Too neere the heart,  
(Most royall Emperresse) these distempers fit,  
So please you, weele againe assaile her bewtie  
In varied shapes, and worke on fader Charmes,  
Again loues poysoned arrowes weele let flie.

*Emp.* No: proud spirits once denying, still deny.

*1. Car.* Then be your selfe, (a woman) change those ouerturns  
You made to her of an vnusuall peace,  
To an vnusde defiance: giue your reuenge,  
A fall and swelling faile, as from your greates  
You tooke, in yeilding to her: you haue bene  
Too cold in punishment, too fast in chiding,  
And like a mother (cause her yeares are greene)  
Haue winck't at Errors, hoping time, or counsell,  
Or her owne guilt (seeing how she goes awry,)

Would

Would streighten all. — you find the contrarie.

*Empr.* What followes?

*1 Card.* Sharp chastizement, leaue the Mother  
And be the stepdame; wanton her no more  
On your Indulgent knee, signe no more pardons  
To her Off-fallings and her flyings out,  
But let it be a meritorious Act:  
Make it a ladder for the soule to climbe,  
Lift from the hindges all the gates of heauen;  
To make way for him that shall kill her.

*Owner.* Good.

*1 Card.* Giue him an office in yon Starr-chamber,  
Or els a Saints place and Canonize him,  
So Sanctifie the arme that takes her life,  
That sylly soules may go on pilgrimage,  
Only to kisse the Instrument (that strikes)  
As a most reuerent relique.

*Empr.* Be it so.

*1 King.* In that one word she expires

*Empr.* Her fayrie Lordes

(That play the Pilots now, and steere her kingdome  
In fowleest weather) as white bearded corne  
Bowes his proud head before th'imperiall windes,  
Shall so ly groueling (heere) when that day comes.

*1 Ki.* And that it shall come fates theselues prepare.

*Empr.* True, but old Lye ns hardly fall into the snare.

*1 King.* Is not the good and politique Satiran  
(Our leagued brother, and your vassaile sworne)  
Euen now (this very minnte) sucking close  
Their fairest bosomes: if his traynes take well:  
They haue strange workings (down-wards) into hel.

*Empr.* That Satiran is this hand: his braines a forge  
Still working for vs, he's the trew set clocke  
By which we goe, and of our houres doth keepe  
The numbred strokes, when we lye bound in sleepe.

*1 Card.* Besides such voluntaries as will serue  
Vnder your holy cullors and forsake  
The Fairie standard, all such fugitives  
Whose heartes are Babylonized: all the Musiners



All the damb'd Crew; that would for gold teare off  
The deuills beard : All schollers that doe eate  
The bread of sorrow, want, and discontent,  
Wise Satryan takes vp; presses, apparrels, (wones,  
Their backes like Innocent Lambes, their minds like  
Rubs or e their tongues with poyson, which they spee  
Against their owne annointed; their owne Country,  
Their very parent. And thus shippes 'em hither.  
To make em yours.

*Emp.* To vse.

1. *Card.* Only to imploy them

As Bees whilst they haue stings, & bring thighs laden  
With hony, hiee them, when they are droanes, destroy them.

1. *King* The earnest which he giues you (adored Empresse)  
Are three fit engines for vs.

*Empr.* Are they wrought?

2. *King* They are : and waite in Court your vnmolest pleasure,  
Out of your Cup made wee them drunke with wines,  
To sound their hearts, which they with such deuotion  
Receiued downe, that euen whilst *Bacchus*, sworn  
From lippe to lippe, in mid st of taking healths,  
They tooke their owne damnation, if their bloud  
(As those grapes) stream'd not forth, to effect your good.

*Emp.* Let vs behold these fire-workes, that must run  
Vpon short lines of life : yet will we vse them,  
Like instruments of musike, play on them,  
A while for pleasure, and then hang them by,  
Who Princes can vpbraid, tis good they die.  
For as in building sumptuous pallaces,  
We climb by bale and slender scaffoldings,  
Till wee haue raised the Frame : and that being done,  
(To grace the worke) we take the Scaffold downe,  
So must we these : we know they loue vs not,  
But Swallow-like when their owne summers past,  
Here seeke for heat : or like flight Trauallors,  
(Swolne with vaine glory, or with lust to see,)  
They come to obserue fashions and not mee.

1. *King* As Trauallors vse them then, till they be gone,  
Looke Cheerefully, backs turne no more thought vpon.

*Emp.* What are they that fly hither (to our bosome)  
But such as hang the wing, such as want neasts;  
Such as haue no sound feathers; birds so poore,  
They scarce are worth the killing: with the Larke  
(The morning's fawlkner) so they may mounth fie,  
Care not how base and low their risings be?  
What are they but leane hungry Crowes that tyre  
Vpon the mangled quarters of a Realme?  
And on the house-tops of Nobilitie  
(If there they can but sit) like fatall Rauens,  
Or Skrich-Owles croake their fals and hoarsely bode,  
Nothing but scaffolds and vnhalloved graues?

*1. King.* Fitter for vs: yet fit they here like doues.

*Emp.* True: like corrupted Churchme they are doues,  
That haue eate carrion: home weele therefore send  
These busie-working Spiders to the wals  
Of their owne cuntry, when their venemous bags  
(Which they shall stoffe with scandales, libels, treasons)  
Are full and vpon bursting: let them there  
Weaue in their politicke loomes nets to catch flies;  
To vs they are but Pothecary drugs,  
Which we will take as Physicall pills, not food:  
Vse them as lancets to let others blood,  
That haue foule bodies, care not whom you wound,  
Nor what parts you cut off, to keepe this sound.

*Omn.* Here come they.

*Campeius, Paydell, and Lupus.*

*† Lapes.*

*Emp.* Welcome: rise, and rise vp high  
In honours and our fauour: you haue thrust  
Your armes into our cofers, haue you not?

*All 3.* Yes sacred Empresse.

*Camp.* And into our owne,  
Haue rayned downe showers of gold.

*Emp.* You shall deserue it:  
You see what Ocean can replenish you,  
Be you but duteous tributarie streames:  
But is your temper right? are not the edges  
Of your sharpe spirits rebated? are you ours?  
Doe not your hearts sinke downe yet? will you on?

*F*

*All 3.* Steod

*All 3.* Stood death with way.

*Lap.* Stood hell.

*Emp.* Nobly resolute.

But listen to vs, and obserue our counsell  
Backe must we send you to the Fairie Land;  
Danger goes with you; here's your safetie: listent  
Chuse winds to sayle by; if the wayward seas  
Grow stormie, houer, keepe aloofe: if feares,  
Shipwracks, and death lie tumbling on the waues,  
And will not off, then on: be venturous,  
Conquests hard got are sweet and glorious.  
Being landed, if suspicion cast on you  
Her narrow eyes, turne your selues then to Moles,  
Worke vnder ground, and vndermine your countrey,  
Tho you cast earth vp but a handfull high,  
To make her stumble: if that bloud-hound hunt you,  
(That long-eard Inquisition) take the thickets,  
Climbe vp to Hay-mowes, liue like birds, and eate  
The vndeflowred corne: in hollow trees  
Take such prouision as the Ant can make:  
Flie with the Batt vnder the geues of night,  
And shift your nests: or like to Antresses,  
Close vp your selues in artificiall wals:  
Or if you walke abroad, be wrapt in cloud,  
Haue change of haire, of eye-brows, halt with soldiers,  
Be shauen and be old women, take all shapes  
To escape taking: But if the ayre be cleere,  
(Flie to the Court, and vnderneath the wings  
Of the Eagle, Faucon, or some great bird houer,  
Oakes and large Beech-trees many beasts doe couer,  
He that first sings a Dirge tun'd to the death  
Of that my onely foe the Fairie Queene,  
Shalbe my loue, and (clad in purple) ride  
Vpon that scarlet-coloured beast that beares  
Seuen Kingdomes on seuen heads.

*Cam.* If all the Spels

That wit, or eloquence, or arts can set:  
If all the sleights that bookemen vse in schooles,  
Be pow'rfull in such happinelle, is mine.

*Rep.* What



*Rep.* What phyicke can I dare onely to grow  
(But as I merit shall) vp in your eye.

*Emp.* Weele erect ladders for you strong and high,  
That you shall climbe to starrie dignitie.

*Both.* We take our leaue dread Empresse.

*Emp.* Fare you well:

Our benediction goe along with you.

Our malediction and your soules confusion.

Like shiuer'd towers fall on your hiecklelesse heads,

And wedge you into earth low as the deepe.

Where are the damned, if our world you fire,

Since desperately you'll ride and dare aspire.

*1. King.* But is this all? shall we thus bend our sinews

Onely to emptie quiuers, and to shoot

Whole sheafes of forked arrowes at the Sunne,

Yet neuer hit him?

*2. Car.* And the marke so faire for

*Com.* Nay, which is more, suppose that al these torréts

Which from your sea of Greatnesse, you (for your part)

And all those stragling foulds which we haue drinen

V Vith full and stiffe winds to the Fairie Stronds,

Should all breake in at once, and in a deluge

Of Innouation, rough rebellion, factions,

Of massacres, and pale destruction

Swallow the kingdome vp, and that the bloud

Euen of *Titania's* heart should in deepe crimson

Dye all these waters: what of this? what share

Is yours? what land shall you recouer?

*1. King.* All.

*Com.* All!

*1. King.* I, all!

Betweene the Transuersaries that doe run

Vpon this crosse staffe, a dull eye may find

In what degree we are, and of what height

Your selfe (our brightest *Ariadne*) is,

Being vnderneath that Tropicke: as those jewels

Of night and day are by alternate course

Vorne in Heaueus fore-head,

So when Deaths V Vinter comes,

And shortens all those beames of Maieſtie,  
Which in this oblique and Zodiacall Sphere  
Moue with *Titania* now, ſhall looſe their heat,  
Where muſt the next Sun riſe but heres from whence  
Shall Fairie land get warmth meereſly from hence:  
Let but the taper of her life burne out,  
We haue ſuch torches ready in her land  
To catch fire from each other, that the flames  
Shall make the frighted people thinke earth burnes,  
And being dazled with our Copes of Starres,  
We ſhall their temples hallow with ſuch caſe,  
As 'twere in ſolemne gay proceſſion.

*Com.* Some lync ſea cards, that know not the ſeaſtaſt,  
Nor ſcarce the colour: by your charmes I gather  
You haue ſcene Fairie land—but in a Map:  
Can tell how 't ſtands: but if you giue 't a fall,  
You muſt get bigger bones: for let me whiſper  
This to your eares, though you bait hookes with gold,  
Ten thouſand may be nibbling, when none bites,  
And thoſe you take for Angels, you'll find Sprites.  
Say that *Titania* were now drawing ſhort breath,  
(As that's the Cone and Button that together  
Claspes all our hopes) out of her aſhes may  
A ſecond † Phoenix riſe, of larger wing,  
Of ſtronger talent, of more dreadfull beake,  
Who ſwooping through the ayre, may with his beating  
So well commaund the winds, that all thoſe trees  
VVhere ſit birds of our hatching (now fled thither)  
VVill tremble, & (through feare ſtrucke dead) to earth,  
Throw thoſe that ſit and ling there, or in flockes  
Drive them from thence, yea and perhaꝑs his talent  
May be ſo bonie and ſo large of gripe,  
That it may ſhake all Babilon.

*Emp.* All Babylon!

*Com.* Your pardon: but who'll ſwear this may not be?

*Emp.* How the preuention?

*Com.* Thus; to fell downe their Q. is but one ſtroake;  
Our axe muſt cleaue the kingdome, that's the Oake.

*Emp.* The manner.

*Com.* Eaſie:.

*Com.* Easie: whilest our thunderbolts  
Are anuiling abroad, call *Satyrus* home,  
He in his fadome metes vast *Argosies*,  
Huge Galeasses, and such wodden Castles,  
As by enchantment of the waters moue:  
To his, marry yours and ours; and of them all  
Create a braue *Armado*, such a Fleete,  
That may breake *Neptunes* backe to carry it:  
Such for varietie, number, puissance,  
As may fetch all the Fairie Land in turfes,  
To make a greene for you to walke vpon  
In Babilon.

*1. King.* Inuincible! goe on.

*Com.* Now when the volley of those murthering shot  
That are to play first on *Titanias* breast,  
And (yet) leane on their rests, goe off and kill her,  
So that the very *Aluerado* giuen,  
Sounds the least hope of conquest; then, then shew  
Your warlike Pageants dancing on the waues,  
Yours is the Land, the Nation are your slaues.

*Omn.* Counsell from Heaven!

*Emp.* None this shall ouerwhelme:  
Braue voyage! Rig out ships, and fetch a Realme.

*Exeunt.*

*Parydell and Palmio.*

*Pal.* You ariue on a blest shore. The freight you bring  
Is good: it will be bought vp of vs all  
With our deere blouds: be constant, doe not warpe  
In this your zeale to Babilon.

*Paryd.* Graue *Palmio*,

To you I haue vnladen euen my soule,  
The wings frō home that brought me had sick feathers;  
Some you haue puld off: my owne countrey grasse  
Was to my feet sharpe needels (stucke vpright).  
I tread on downe-beds now.

*Pal.* But are your countrey men  
(I meane those that in thought with vs feast richly)  
Fed with the course bread of affliction still?

*Paryd.* Still father *Palmio* still, and to relieue them



I dare doe what I told you;

*Pal.* Noble valour!

*Pary.* So that I might but read on yonder scrolls,  
A warrant writ vnder the scale of Heaven,  
To iustifie the Act.

*Palm.* You haue my hand,  
And shall haue more. Y'are reconcil'de (Sonne?)

*Pary.* Yes.

*Pal.* Who did confesse you?

*Pary.* Father *Anniball*.

*Pal.* But did the *Nuntio Campeygio*,  
Present your letters, and your vowed seruice  
At Babylon.

*Pary.* He did: I sued out warrant  
For passage safely thither: and from graue *Como*  
(One of the capitall Columnes of the state)  
This I receiued.

*Palm.* He sends you here good welcome:  
'Tis strong; why went you not?

*Pary.* I like it not:  
There wants a conuoy of some better words,  
Which hourelly I expect: vpon a Sea  
So dangerous, so full of rockes, so narrow,  
(Albeit the venture holy and of honour)  
I would not gladly sayle, without direction  
Of noble Pilots, home I would not come  
Basely, but like a glorious voyager.

*Enter Ragazzoni.*

*Palm.* Yea, you do well; the *Nuntio Ragazzoni*!  
Not know him?

*Pary.* Certes no.

*Palm.* Come, you shall meete:  
Monsignor, here's a Gentleman desires  
To haue your armes about him. —

*Rag.* Willingly.

*Palm.* He vndertakes an action full of merit,  
Sans promise or reward, to cure all those  
Through Fairie land, that are diseas'd within,  
And he will doo't, by letting one veine bloud.

*Ragaz.* Shootes he at highest?

*Pal.* Yes.

*Rag.* Draw home, and giue  
Your arrowes compasse, that vntill they fall  
Full on the head, none see them: you do well:  
My hands are yours: good speede. ---

*Exit Ragazoni.*

*Campeggio.*

*Pal.* *Campeggio?*  
Now shall you heare some newes.

*Camp.* I doe assure you,  
The Mistris of vs all, hath on this paper  
Breath'd you a blessing: your deuotion  
Is recommended highly, and to nourish  
The flames new kindled in you, here's more fewell,

*Pary.* Licence to go and come, *in verbo imperatricis per omnes Iuris-  
dictiones Babilonicas absq; impedimento.*  
Good: would it had come sooner.

*Camp.* Why?

*Pal.* 'Tis generall,  
Exceeding absolute and peremptorie.

*Pary.* It giues me my ful saile: but by deepe vows,  
I am to trauell lower, yet if season  
Beat me not backe, I will to Babylon,  
What rubs soe're I meete in letters still,  
Ile kisse her sacred hand.

*Camp.* You change not byas.

*Pary.* Oh good sir, yonder is the goale I run for!

*Ragazoni at one dore, a Gentleman at another.*

*Rag.* Lend me your speeches both.

*Pal.* Yonder comes one of your owne countrey.

*Pary.* Oh I know him Sir.

*Pal.* Walk in this colledge classe but som few minutes,  
Ile send or bring to you a Gentleman,  
Next neighbour to your countrey: an Albanois  
The man I told you of.

*Pary.* Thankes Sir.

*Gent.* Met happily, I look'd for you.

*Pary.* Deere countryman the parly we late held

About

About the land that bred vs, as how order  
Was rob'd of ceremonie (the rich robe of order)  
How Truth was freckled, spotted, nay made leoprous:  
How Iustice —

*Gent.* Come, no more.

*Pary.* Euen now (as then) —  
You ward blowes off from her, that at all weapons  
Strikes at your head: but I repent we drew not  
That dialogue out to length, it was so sweet. (man)

*Gent.* At houres more opportune we shal: but country —  
I heard of late the musicke of my soule,  
And you the instrument are made that sounds it:  
Tis giuen me, that your selfe hath seal'd to heaven.  
A bond of your deuotion, to goe forth  
As champion of vs all, in that good quarrell,  
That hath cost many liues.

*Pary.* What need we vse  
Circumgyrations, and such wheelings? Sir,  
Beleeue it, to recouer our sicke Nurse  
Ide kill the noblest foster-child she keeps.

*Gent.* I know what bitd you meane, & who you hate,  
But let him stand to fall: no sir, the Deere  
Which we all hope you'le strike, is euen the pride  
And glory of the Forrest: So, or not?

*Pary.* My vowes are flowne vp, and it must be done,  
So this may be but settled.

*Gent.* Do you stagger?

*Pary.* All winds are not yet layd.

*Gent.* Haue you looked out  
For skilfull coasters, that know all the sounds,  
The flats, and quicke sands, and can safely land you  
Out of all touch of danger?

*Pary.* I haue met many,  
And like a consort they hold severall tunes.

*Gent.* But make they musicke?

*Pary.* Faith a little jarring:  
Sometimes a string or so: yet reuerend *Palmio*,  
And *Anniball* a *Codreto* keepe the streame  
In which I swim: the *Nuntio Ragazzoni*



Plies me with wholesome phisicke; so the Nuntio,  
My honored Friend *Campeggio* makes it cleere,  
That it is lawfull.

*Gen.* Where at stick you then?

*Par.* At a small rocke, (a dispensation.)

*Ragazzoni, Palmio, Campeggio, & the Albanys.*

*Gen.* You cannot want for hands to helpe you for-  
In such a noble worke your friends are neerer; (ward:  
Deere Countreiman, my sword, my state, and honor,  
Are for your vse, goe on; and let no heate  
thaw your strong resolution, I shall see you,  
Before you take to Sea.

*Par.* You shall.

*Gen.* My dewtie.

*Pis.* This is the worthy Gentleman, to whome  
I wish your loue ender'de: we haue some conference.

*Par.* Borne Sir in Fairy Land?

*Alba.* No marry Sir-An *Albanis*,

*Par.* Then for proximitie  
Of Countries, let vs enterchange acquaintance,  
I wish'd for your embracements, for your name  
Is crown'd with titles of integritie,  
Iudgement and Learning: let me vpon their *Bases*  
Erect a pillar, by which *Babylon*,  
And all we may be strengthened.

*Alba.* I pray be apert and plaine.

*Par.* Then thus Sir, by the way of Argument  
I would a question put, to tast your censure,  
Because I doe not soundly relish it.

*Alba.* Propone it Sir, Ile solve it as I can.

*Par.* Suppose that in the field there were an Army,  
Commixt of halfe your kinsfolke, friends, and louers,  
The other halfe sworne foes, (all countreimen)  
And that the leader of them were your father,  
And that this leading father were so partiall,  
That to preferue that halfe which loues you not,  
Ye would loose that which loues you: & that to take

*Alba.* This Captaines life away, might bring this good,  
Of two sides to make one, and saue much bloud:  
Would not you doe it.

*Alba.* Vmh: ya're ful of Ambage:  
I answere as my spirits leade me, thus,  
I would not doe it. *Par.* Why Sir.

*Alba.* Because I hold, *Quod non omnino Licet.*

*Par.* Come, Come, I know (without al commenting)  
This text you vnderstand: wey the vtilitie,  
That goes with it: the health it giues to thousands;  
The sap it spreads through brâches which now wither:  
The restauration---

*Alba.* Sir I see to'th bottome,  
Of this deepe well you diue in: I doe arme you,  
In this strong fight, iust with the selfe same weapons  
Which I would weare to guard mee, and those are  
My readings and beliefe settled by reading,  
And this I find. *Quod non sunt faciēda mala, vt veniant bona.*  
For good; (how great soeuer) must be don,  
no ill how small soeuer.

*Par.* Tis no euill.  
To barre out so great ill, with so great good.

*Alba.* All good must not be done, but onely that. *Quod bene & legitime fieri potest:* For Sir I know, that *Deus magis amat aduerbia quam nomina. Quia in actionibus magis ei Placeat Bene & legitime quam bonum. Ita vt nullum bonum Liceat facere, nisi bene & legitime fieri potest. Quod in hoc Casu fieri non potest.*

*Par.* Yet (with your fauour) seuerall learned men,  
Are cleane from your opinion, and doe hold, *Quod licet.*

*Alba.* Those learned men perhaps may hold it fit,  
That to saue many, they to one mans danger,  
(Referring all to the depth inscrutable)  
May allow of a particular, on no warrant  
That they can shew me written, but being stird,  
With a humane compassion to mens liues:  
And lesse you reuelation haue diuine,  
That bids you do, doe not; Thus you haue mine.

*Om.* What so hard at it.

*Par.* We haue done: the time,

Doe's pull me from your sweet societie,

*Pal.* You will to *Babylon*.

*Par.* I cannot tell;

Whether I doe or no, you shall haue notice,

How this great worke goes forward; strengthen mee,

VVith all your comforts, and commend my seruice

To the most glorious throne: if I get or'e,

There lands blacke vengeance on the Fairy shore.

*Omn.* If prayers can doe it shall.

*Exeunt.*

*Plaine dealing and Truth.*

*Par.* But how shall I know, thou art the right truth;

*Tru.* Because I am not painted.

*Play.* Nay if thou hast no better coulour then that, ther's no trueth in the e, for Im'e sure your fairest wenches are free of the painters.

*Tru.* Besides I am not gorgious in attire,  
But simple, plaine and homely; in mine eyes,  
Doves sit, not Sparrowes: on my modest cheekes,  
No witching smiles doe dwell: vpon my tongue  
No vnchast language lies: my Skins not spotted  
VVith foule disease, as is that common harlot,  
That baseborne trueth, that liues in *Babylon*.

*Pla.* VVhy? is shee spotted?

*Tru.* All ouer, with strange vglines, all ouer;

*Pla.* Then she has got the pox, and lying at my host *Gryncums*, since I left her company: how soeuer it bethou and I will liue honest together in one house, because my court mistris will haue it so: I haue beene a Trauailer a great while, plaine dealing hath lept from country to country, till he had scarce a paire of soales to carrie him.

*Tru.* VVhy? in what Countries haue you beene?

*Pla.* In more then I had mind to stay in; I haue beene amongst the Turkes too, the Turkes made as much of poore plaine dealing, as those whom we call Christians.

*Tru.* VVhat man is that great Turke? I neuer saw him:

*Par.* Nor euer shalt: why the great Turke is a very little fellow; I haue seene a scurvy little bad paltry Christian, has beene taken for the greatest Turke there.

*Tru.* VVhere had you bin, when now you met with me.



*Plain.* Looking vp and downe for thy selfe: and yet I lie too, now I remember, I was in the citie: our mistresse would needes haue me goe thither, to see fashions: I could make an excellent Taylor for Ladies and gentlemen, and fooles, for I haue seene more fashions there, then a picture drawer makes skuruy faces, the first two yeares of his trade: its the maddest circle to coniure in, that euer raiz'd spirit.

*Truth.* Tell me good kinsman, what in the citie saw you?

*Plain.* What did I see? why Ile tell the cozen; I sawe no more conscience in most of your rich men, then in Tauerne faggots: nor no more sobernes in poore men, then in Tauerne spiggots: I see that citizens fine wiues vndo their husbands (by their pride) within a yeare after they are married; and within halfe a yeare after they be widdowes, knights vndo them: they'le giue a roo. pound to be dubd ladies, and to ride in a coach, when they haue scarce another hundred pound left to keep the horses. But coze *Truth*, I met in one street a number of men in gowns, with papers in their hands, what are all those?

*Truth.* Oh! they are the sonnes of Iustice; they are those That beat the kingdom leuell, keep it smooth And without rubs: they are the poore mans captaine, The rich mans souldier, and cal'd Lawiers.

*Plain.* Lawiers? doest know any of them?

*Truth.* A few.

*Plain.* I wondred what they were, I asked one of them if they were going to foot-ball, yes said he, doe you not see those countrey fellows, we are against them, and who do you thinke shall winne, said I, oh said he, the gownes, the gownes. *Enter Time.*

*Time.* Follow me *Truth*; *Plaine* dealing follow me. *Exit*

*Plain.* He charges like a Constable; come, wee are his watch: follow me? Is our *Time* mad?

O braue mad *Time*. *Exeunt.*

*Dumb shew.* A caue suddenly breakes open, and out of it comes Falshood, (attir'd as *Truth* is) her face spotted, shee flickes vp her banner on the top of the Caue; then with her foot in severall places strikes the earth, and vp riseth Campeius, a Friar with a boxe: a gentleman with a drawn sword, another with rich gloues in a boxe, another with a bridle, *Time*, *Truth* with her banner, and *Plain* dealing enter &c. Stand also se bebolding all. *Time.* See there's the Caue, where that *Hypocrite* lurkes,

That

That counterfets thy voyce, and calles forth men  
To their destruction.

*Plain.* How full of the small poxe shee is, what ayles shee to  
stamp thus? is the whore mad? how now? Yea do you rise before  
Doomes day; father *Time*, what conduit-pipes are these, that  
breake out of the earth thus?

*Time.* The conduit-heads of treason, which conuey  
Conspiracies, scandals, & ciuill discord,  
Massacres, poysonings, wrackes of faith and fealtie  
Through Fairies hearts, to turne them into elues:  
See *Truth*, see sonne, the snake slips off his skinne,  
A scholler makes a ruffian.

*Plain.* Now must that ruffian cuffe the scholler, if I were as he.

*Time.* And see, that snape which earst shew'd reuerend,  
And woe, the outward badge of sanctitie,  
Is cloath'd in garments of hypocrisie.

*Plaine.* See, see, father, he ha's a iacke in a boxe: whats that?

*Time.* A wild beast, a mad bull, a bull that roares,  
To fright allegiance from true subiects bosoms;  
That Bull must bellow, at the *Flamius* gate:  
His gate, that tends the flockes of all those sheep,  
That graze in the fatst pasture of the land,  
Beeing all inclos'd: that bull will on his backe  
Beare all.

*Plain.* Whither? whither?

*Time.* To hell: tis said to heauen  
That will but sit him, till with hoofe or horne,  
He goare the annointed Fairie.

*Plain.* Such Bulls haue I seene sent out of *Babylon*, to runne at  
people: I should once haue rid vpon one of the, but he that beg'd  
my office, broke his necke by the bargaine, and sau'd me a la-  
bour: whats he with the sword, a master of the noble Science?

*Truth.* A noble villaine: see, he pulls down heauen  
With imprecations, if that blade he sheath not,  
In our sweet mistresse breast. (villaine?)

*Plain.* O rogue / what good cloathes hee weares, and yet is a

*Time.* I, doe: clap hands vpon't, that poysoned gloue,  
Shall strike thee dead to death, with the strong sent  
Of thy discovered treason.

*Plam.* Whats that horse-courser with the bridle?

*Time.* A slave, that since he dares not touch her head,  
Would worke vpon her hand:---laugh and conspires  
The higher villaines climbe, they fall the higher.

*Plam.* Stay father, now the Armie comes forward: shee takes  
downe the flagge, belike their play is done; what will shee beare  
the collours? thou hast collour enough in thy face already, thou  
needst no more: did ye euer see a more lowlie band? there's but  
two rapiers in the whole regiment: now they muster, now they  
double their files: marke how their hands juggle, and lay about;  
this is the maine battell: O well florisht Ancient / the day is  
their's; see, now they sound retreat: whither march they now? *Exeunt*

*Tim.* To death; their fall, thus *Time* and *Truth* proclaime,  
They shall like leaues drop from the Tree of shame.  
Lets follow them.

*Plam.* To the gallows? not I; what doe we know, but this  
freckled face queane, may be a witch.

*Time.* Shee is so; shee's that damned forceresse,  
That keepe the enchanted towers of *Babylon*.  
This is the *Truth*, that did bewitch thee once.

*Plam.* Is this speckled toade shee? Shee was then in mine eye,  
The goodliest woman that euer wore fore part of Sattin:  
To see what these female creatures are, when they deale with 2.  
or 3. Nations; how quickly they were carbuncles & rich stones?  
now shee is more vgly then a bawd.

*Truth.* Shee look'd so then; fairenes it selfe doth cloth her  
In mens eyes, till they see me, and then they loath her.

*Time.* Loose no more minutes, come; lets follow them.

*Plam.* With hue and crie, now I know her: this villanous drab is  
bawd, now I remember, to the Whore of *Babylon*; and weele ne-  
uer leave her, till shee be carted: her face is full of those red pim-  
ples with drinking *Aquauite*, the common drinke of all bawdes:  
come.

*Exeunt.*

*Titanus, Elfron, Florimel, a gentleman standing aloofe,  
and Repur.*

*Titan.* What comes this paper for? *Fid.* Your hand.

*Titan.* The cause?

*Fidel.* The Moone that from your beames did borrow light,  
Hath from her silver bow shot pitchy clouds

*The eclipse*



T' eclipse your brightnes: heaven tooke your part,  
And her surpriz'd; A iurie of bright starres,  
Haue her vnworthy found to shine agen:  
Your Fairies therefore on their knees intreat,  
Shee may be puld out from the firmament,  
Where shee was plac'd to glitter.

*Titan.* Must we then,  
Strike those whom we haue lou'd? albeit the children,  
Whom we haue nourisht at our princely breast,  
Set daggers to it, we could be content  
To chide, not beat them, (might we vse our will,)  
Our hand was made to saue, but not to kill.

*Flor.* You must not (cause hee's noble) spare his blood.

*Titan.* We should not, for hee's noble that is good.

*Fid.* The fall of one, like multitudes on yee,  
Makes all the rest, (of footing) be more nyce:  
But if by ventring on that glassie floore  
Too farre, he sinks, and yet rise with no more harme,  
Ten thousand to like danger it doth arme:  
All mercy in a Prince, makes vile the state,  
All iustice makes euen cowards desperate.

*Titan.* In neither of these seas, spread we our sayles,  
But are the impartiall beame between both scales;  
Yet if we needs must bow, we would incline  
To that where mercy lies, that scale's diuine:  
But so to saue were our owne breast to wound,  
Nay (which is more) our peoples: for their good,  
We must the Surgeon play, and let out blood.  
Euery Peeres birth stickes a new starre in heaven,  
But falling by *Luciferan* insolence,  
With him a Constellation drops from thence.

Giue me his Axe---how soone the blow is giuen? *writes*

Witness: so little we in blood delight,  
That doing this worke, we wish we could not write.

Let's walke my Lords. *Flaminel?* *Flor.* Madame. *Titan.* Stay:

Not one arm'd man amongst vs? you might now

Be all old-beaten souldiers: truth I thanke ye,

If I were now a jewel worth the stealing,

Two theeues might bind you all.

*Om.* With much adoe.

*Titan.*

*Tita.* I marry I commend yon gentleman.  
Pray Sir come neere, looke you hee's well provided  
For all rough wethers: Sir, you way be proud,  
That you can giue armes better than these Lords,  
I thanke you yet, that if a storme should fall,  
We could make you our shelter. A good sword?  
This would goe through stich; had I heart to kill  
I'de wish no better weapon; but our dayes  
Of quarreling are past; Shall we put vp Sir,  
We ha put vp wrongs ere now, but this is right,  
Nay we are not falling yet,

*Flor.* It did vs good  
To see how your Maiestick presence dawnted  
The silly gentleman.

*Tita.* The fillie gentleman!

*Fid.* He knew not how to stand, nor what to speak,

*Tita.* The silly gentleman? know you him Lords?  
Where is hee?

*Flor.* Gotten hence poore wretch with shame.

*Tita.* That wretch hath sworne to kill me with that

*Omn.* How? (sword,

*Fid.* The traytor.

*Flor.* Locke the Court gates.

*Omn.* Guard her person. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Tita.* You guard it well. Alacke! when louers wooe,  
An extreame ioy and feare, them so apall,  
That ouer much loue, shewes no loue at all.  
Zeale sometimes ouer does her part. It's right--  
When the frais done, Cowards crie whers the Flight, *Pensioners.*

*Florimell*

*Flor.* The wolfes in his own snare: O damned slaue!  
I had like to ha made his heart my ponyards graue.  
How got you to this knowledge? ---blessed heauen!

*Tita.* It came vnto me strangely; from a window,  
Mine eyes tooke marke of him; that he would shoot  
Twa's told me, and I tried if he durst doo't.  
Is *Rapus* here, our Doctor?

*Rp.* Gracious Lady.

You haue a lucky hand since you were ours,  
It quickens our tast well; fill vs of that  
You last did minister: a draught, no more,  
And giue it fire, euen Doctor how thou wilt.

*Rep:* I made a new extraction, you shall neuer  
Rellish the like.

*Tyta:* Why, shall that be my last?

*Rg:* Oh my deere Mistres! *Exit Ropus. Enter Parthe-*

*Tyta.* Go, go, I dare sware thou lou'lt my very heart. *(nophill,*

*Parth:* This scaly Serpent

Is throwne (as he deserues) vpon the Sword  
Of Iustice; and to make these tydings twinnes,  
I bring this happy newes, *Campeius,*  
(A Snake that in my bosome once I warm'd:)  
The man for whome—.

*Tyta:* Oh, wee remember him.

*Parth:* This Owle, that did not loue your sacred light,  
Stole or'e the Seas by darknes, and was held  
In *Babylon* a bird of noble flight:

They tourn'd him to a Goshawke, fether'd him  
Arm'd him with tallents, & then gaue him bels,  
And hither charg'd him fly, he did: and soar'd  
O're all your goodlyest woods, and thickest groues,  
Inticing birdes that had the skill in song,  
To learne harsh notes: and those that fail'd in voice,  
He taught to pecke the tender blossomes off,  
To spoyle the leauy trees, and with sharpe bills  
To mangle all the Golden eares of corne.  
But now hee's ran'e.

*Tyta:* Good sheapheards ought not care,  
How many foxes fall into the Snare.

*Enter Elfyron.*

*Elf:* Your ciuill Doctor, Doctor *Parthenus*  
Casts Anchor on your shores againe, being freighted  
With a good venture, which he saies, your selfe  
Must onely haue the sight of.

*Exit.*

*Tyta:* Bring him hither:  
Lord *Florimell*, pray call *Fidell* to vs.

H

*Florimell*



*Florimell, Fideli, Ropus.*

*Tyta:* Sure 'tis too hot. *Fid:* Oh rogue!

*Tyta:* Set it to coole.

*Fid:* Hell and damnation, Diuels,

*Flor:* What's that?

*Fid:* The damned fit reason! Dog: you whorfen dog;  
O blessed mayd: let not the road come neere her:  
What's this? If't be his brewing, touch it not --  
For 'tis a drench to kill the strongest Deuill,  
That's Druncke all day with brimstone: come sucke, Weezell;  
Sucke your owne teat, you--prays  
Thou art preferu'd.

*Tyta:* From what? From whome?

*Fid:* Looke to that Glister-pipe:

One crowne doe's serue thy tourne, but heere's a theefe,  
That must haue 50000. crownes to steale  
Thy life: Here 'tis in blacke and white--thy life,  
Sirra thou *Vrinall, Tynoco, Gama,*  
*Andrada, and Ibarra,* names of Diuels,  
Or names to fetch vp Diuels: thou knowest these Scar-crowes.

*Rop:* Oh mee! O mercy, mercy! I confesse.

*Fid:* Well sayd, thou shalt be hang'd then.

*Tyta:* Haue we for this  
Heap'd fauours on thee.

*Shee reads the letter,*

*Enter Gard.*

*Fid:* Heape halters on him: call the Guard: out polecat:  
He smells, thy conscience stincks Doctor goe purge  
Thy soule, for 'tis diseas'd, Away with *Ropus.*

*Omni:* Away with him: soh.

*Rop:* Here my tale but out.

*Fid:* Ther's too much out already.

*Fid:* Oh me accursed! and most miserable. *Exit with Gard.*

*Tyta:* Goodnes of true! is my bloud so sweet,  
That they would pay so deere for't *Fid:* To sucke Lambes,  
What would not Wolues doe, he that this paper writte,  
Had neuer meaning we should finger it.

*Tyta:* Our a mercy makes them cruell, hunt out these Leopards:  
Their own spots will betray them: they build caues

*Euen*

*The W Dore of Babilon.*

Euen in our parkes : to them, him; and the rest,  
Let death be sent, but sent in such a shape,  
As may not be too frightfull. Alacke! what glorie  
Is it to buffet wretches bound in giues?  
The debt is derely paid that's payd with liues  
Oh! leaue vs all.

*Enter Elfiron and Paridell.*

*Fid:* More Doctors! if this doe  
As well as tother, best to hang him too.

*Exeunt*

*Tytania, Paridell.*

*Tyta:* *Florimell!* Stay,  
But giue vs liberty.

*Par:* This is the blessed day for which (through want  
Of those bright rayes that sparkle from your eyes)  
My frozen soule hath languish'd Goddesse compleate,  
If you, a wretch so meane, will bid to speake,  
I shall vnclasp a booke whose very first line,  
(Being not well pointed) is my doome to death:  
But if your sacred iudgement (on the Margine,)  
Controwle all wresting comments, All your subiects  
Will fold me in their bosomes. *Tyta:* Giue your minde.

*Par:* A Pilgrim haue I been on forren shores,  
(Your gracious hand allow'd it) in my wandring,  
With Monsters I encountred of straunge shape,  
Some that suckt poyson vp, and spet it forth,  
Vpon your land: some, that shot forked stinges,  
At your most God-like person: all were Gyants,  
Fighting against the heauen of your blest raigne:  
With these (oh pardon me!) with these I held  
A polliticke league, the lines of all their treasons,  
(Drawne from one damned circle) met in mee,  
My heart became the Center, and the point  
Was this——I dare not tell it,

*Tyta:* Speake? *Peri:* To kill you.

*Tyta:* How durst you (being our subiect) wade so far?

*Par:* Your eare of mercy. I became a sponge  
To drinke vp all their mischiese, and lay drown'd

## *The Whore of Babylon.*

In their infected waters, (with much loathing,)  
Onely that I before you might wring out  
This their corruption, and my selfe make cleere.  
And now (immortall maid) i'me not vnlike  
A casket wherein papers stufte with danger,  
Haue close beene lockt, but those tane out, the chest  
Serues to good vse, so may my loyall brest:  
For from their flintie hearts what sparkes I got,  
Were but to fire themselues.

*Tyta.* I praise your plotte,  
You make vs now your debter, but a day  
Will come, when we shal pay. My Lord, we want your Arme.

*Pary.* Vmh! I feare —

*Tyta.* Doctor, wee le haue (Sir) other Dialogues.

*Exeunt.*

*Pary.* O shallow foole, thou hast thy selfe vndone,  
Shees hardned and thou melted at one sunne.

*Exit.*

*Enter Como, and the three Kings:*

*Como.* Our eyes haue lusted for you, and your presence  
Comes as the light to day, showers to the spring,  
Or health to sicke men.

*3. King.* Thankes most reuerend Fathers.

*1. King.* Our blood ranne all to water, yea our soules  
Stroue all (at once) to expire, (when it was blowne  
Hither from Faierie land, that all the darts  
Which ours heere, and your arme deliuered there,  
Fell either short, or lighted vpon yce)  
Lest you had lost blood in the enterprize.

*3. King.* No, I weare stronger Armour: gamester-like  
I sawe the dogges brought forth; and set them on,  
Till the Diuell parted them; but pluckt off none,  
I kept aloofe out of the reach of pawes:  
Better to fight with Lions then with lawes.  
What drummes are these?

*2. King.* Musicke of heauen.

*Como.* The dancers reuell in Steele.

*1. King.* These march to fill our Fleet.

*3. King.* From whence wee le march with prowd victorious feete,

*And*



And walke on Fayeries hearts, their beaten waies  
With their owne heades weele paue, whilst ours with bayes,  
And oake (the conquering souldiers wreath) we crowne:  
These hookes, or none, must pull their Cities downe,  
Inuasion is the fire: See, See, i'th Ayre  
Angels hang beckoning vs to make more haste,  
Vengeance deferred growes weake, and runnes to waste.  
Whats this? — *Enter a Herald before one: sounds once, and staies.*

*Como.* Ere we take ship, we must to Court.

*Om.* A way.

3. *King.* In thunder: tis the souldiers sport.

*Exeunt.*

*The Herald reads.*

*Herald.* It is the Imperiall pleasure, decree, peremptory edict,  
and deadfull command (vpon paine of a curse to be denounced  
vpon him that is disobedient) from her who hath power giuen her  
to make the backes of stubborne Kings her foote-stooles, and Em-  
perours her vassalles: the mother of Nations; the triple-crowned  
head of the world; the purple-rider of the glorious beast; the most  
high, most supream, and most adored Emperesse of *Babylon*; that no  
Captaine Generals of Armies, Generals of Squadrons, Admirals,  
Colonels, Captaines, or any other Officers of her magnificent, in-  
comparable, formidable, and inuincible *Armada*, which is orday-  
ned to swallow vp the kingdome of *Faery*, shall presume to set one  
foote on ship-board, till her sacred hand hath blessed the enterprize  
by sealing them all on the forehead, and by bowing their knees be-  
fore the Beast. *Sound, goe on.* *Exeunt.*

*Dumb shew: Emperesse on the Beast.*

*Emp.* Feeles the base earth our weight? ist common Aire  
We suck in and respire? doe seruile clowdes,  
(Whose azure wings spread ouer graues and tombes)  
Our glorious body circumvolute dare night  
Cast her black nets into dayes cristall streames,  
To draw vp darknesse on our golden beames:  
And vs t'eclipse, why is not *Babilon*  
In a contorted chaire made all of starres,  
Wound vp by wheelles as high, nay boue the thrones  
Supernall, which with *Ioues* owne seate stand euen,

H 3

That

*That we might ride heere as the Queene of heauen.  
And with a spurne from our controuling foote,  
That should like thunder shake th'etheriall floore,  
Of life and heauen them both at once bereaue,  
That thither vp dare clime without our leaue.*

*Com.* You doe: you ride there now this is your Sphere,  
Earth is all one with heauen when you are heere.

*3. King.* Yet ther's a hell on earth or if nothell,  
Diuels there are or worse then Diuels, that roare onely at you.

*Emp.* At vs? what, dare they roare?

*3. King.* Your pardon, and ile tell it.

*Emp.* Tell: We feare, no spots, the orbe we shine in is so cleere,

*3. King.* Thus then the Faiery Adders hiss: they call you  
The superstitious Harlot: purple whore:  
The whore that rides on the rose-coloured beast:  
The great whore, that on many waters sitteth,  
Which they call many Nations: whilst their Kings,  
Are slaues to satiate your lust, and that their blood,  
(When with them you haue done) serues as a floud,  
For you to drinke or swimme in.

*Omn.* O prophane!

*Emp.* Goe on: the searching small wounds is no paine.

*3. King.* These cowards thus when your back's turn'd (that strike)  
Follow their blowe and sweare, that where you claime,  
Supremacie monarchall ouer Kings,  
Tis but your tiranous pride, and not your due.

*Emp.* But what your selues giue, what haue we from you?  
You say we are your mother, and if so,  
Must not sonnes kneele? they pay but what they owe.

*3. King.* They say the robes of purple which you weare,  
Your scarlet veiles, and mantles are not giuen you  
As types of honour and regality,  
But dyed so deepe with blood vpon them spilt,  
And that (all or'e) y'are with red murder gilt:  
The drinke euen in that golden cup, they sweare  
Is wine sophisticated, that does runne  
Low on the lees of error, which in taste,

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Is sweete and like the neate and holosome iuyce  
Of the true grape, buttis ranke poyson downe.

*Omn.* Haue we not all it tasted?

*Emp.* Nay, vtter all.

Out of their lips you see flowes naught but gall.

3. *King.* What can my breath doe more, to blast your cheekes,  
And leaue them glowing as red gads of Steele?

My tongue's already blistred sounding this,

Yet must I whisper to your sacred eare:

That on your brow (they say) is writ a name.

In letters misticall, which they interpret

*Confusion*, by great *Babylon* they meane.

The Citie of *Confusion*.

*Emp.* View our forehead?

Where are we printed with such Characters?

Point out these marks: Which of you all can lay

A finger on that Moale that markes our face?

3. *King.* They say you can throw mists before our eyes,

To make vs thinke you faire.

*Omn.* Damnd blasphemies.

*Com.* You shall with rods of iron scourge these treasons.

1. *King.* The Mace is in your hand, grinde them to dust.

2. *King.* And let your blowes be sound.

3. *King.* For they are iust.

*Emp.* Lets heare with what lowde throats our thunder speakes,

Repeate our vengeance o're, which to beate Kings

Must now flie o're the seas with linnen winges.

*Com.* Our Galeons, Galeasses, Zabraes, Gallies,

Ships, Pynaces, Paraches, huge Caruiles,

For number, rib and belly are so great,

That should they want a Sea neere Faery land

Of depth to beare them vp, they in their wombs

Might swim with a sea thicher: here are breifes

Of your imperiall Armies.

*Emp.* Reade them lowde:

Thunder ner'e speakes, but the voice crackes a clowde.

*Com.* In the first Squadron twelue great Galeons:

Floate



Floate like twelue moouing Castles: Zabraestwo,  
 Habilimented gloriously for warre,  
 With Souldiers, Seamen, shot, and ordinance:  
 This Squadron stout *Medyna* does command:  
 Who of the maine is Captaine Generall.  
 The second Squadron braue *Ricalde* leads,  
 Being Admirall to foureene Gallions,  
*Flores de Valdes* guides the third, the fourth  
 Followes the silken streamers of the haughy  
*Pedro de Valdes* that tyed warrior.  
*Oquendo* in the fift front cries a Charge.  
*Bretandona* bringes vp the *Leuantines*  
 With his sixt Squadron: *Gomes de Medyna*  
 Waftes vp the seauenth like the God of warre,  
 The eighth obayes *Mendoza*: and the ninth  
 Fierce *Vgo de Montada*: all these Squadrons,  
 For vessell, numbred are one hundred thirtie,  
 The fight of Souldiers, Marriners, and Slaues  
 Twentie nine thousand, eight hundred thirtie three.  
 Peeces of brasse for battery these,  
 Six hundred thirtie: adde to these Gallions  
 Twentie Caruiles, and Salues ten: which make  
 The whole *Armada*, eightscore lustie saile.  
 Add to all these your Generals of Armies,  
 Your Captaines, Ensigne bearers, (which in role,  
 Are eightscore and eleauen) the Voluntaries,  
 With officers and seruants, then the Regiments  
 That are in pay: to these, all men of orders,  
 All ministers of iustice: and to these  
 Supplies of forces that must second vs,  
 And last that host of starres which from the Moone  
 Will fall to guide vs on: these totald vp,  
 You shal a hundred thousand swordes behold  
 Brandish't at once, whose ————— standes  
 Men will seeme borne with weapons in their handes.  
*Emp. Goe*: cut the salt some with your mooned keeles,  
 And let our Galeons feele euen child-birth panges,

Till their great bellies be deliuered  
On the soft Faiery shoares: captiue their Queene,  
That we may thus take off her crowne, whilst she  
Kneeles to these glorious wonders, or be trampled  
To death for her contempt: burne, batter, kill,  
Blow vp, pull downe, ruine all, let not white haire,  
Nor red cheekes blunt your wrath, snatch babes from breasts,  
And when they crie for milke, let them sucke blond,  
Turne all their fieldes to lakes of gellyed goare,  
That Sea-men one day sayling by the land  
May say, there Faiery kingdome once did stand.

*Omn.* They shall. *3. King.* Tis done already.

*Emp.* To be sure  
You all are ours, bow and adore the beast;  
On whome we ride.

*Omn.* We fall beneath his feete.

*Emp.* Be blest, obedience is in sonnes most sweete,  
O strange, to you he stoopes as you before him,  
Humility, he bowes whilst you adore him:  
To kindle lustie fires in all your bloud,  
A health to all, and as our cup goes rownd,  
Draw neere, wee leaue you for our chosen flocke,  
Who buildes on heartes confirmd, buildes on a rocke:  
The seale of heauen! who on their foreheads weare it,  
We choose for counsaile: on their hands who beare it,  
We marke for Action: Heere, a health to all.

*Omn.* Braue health! to pledge it, see Kings prostrate fall, *Kneele.*

*Emp.* On: *All.* On:

*3. King.* Sing warre thy lowd and loftiest notes.  
We winne; our ships meete none but fisher-boates. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Paridell and his kinsmen.*

*Par.* What if I shewe you a foundation,  
Firme as earthes fixed Center? a strong warrant,  
To strike the head off, an Inunction  
That bids me doo't: A dispensation  
For what I doe: A pardon sign'd, that giues  
*Indulgence plenarie, and full remission*

(For any criminall breach of the highest Law)  
After 'tis done: nay more, a voice as cleere  
As that of Angels, which proclaimes the act,  
Good, honourable, meritorious,  
Lawfull, and pious, what if I shew you this?

*Cox:* Come, come, you cannot, then let riotous heires  
beg pattents to kill fathers: graunt but this  
Murder may be a faire *Monopoly*,  
And Princes slab'd by Acts of parliament:  
Who i'th dare that thing meritorious call,  
Which seindes themselves count diabolicall?

*Pari:* Your coldnes makes me wonder: why should you  
ronne vp to'rth necke, from drowning to saue her,  
That treads vpon your head; your throat, to sincke you?

*Cox:* Say you should wound me; should I (in reuenge)  
Murder my selfe? for what can be the close  
But death, dishonour; yea, damnation  
To an act so base, nay so impossible.

*Pari:* Impossible; the parting of the ayre,  
Is not more easy: looke vpon the Court,  
Through narrowe fights, and shees the fairest make,  
And soonest hit of any: like the Turke  
Shee walkes not with a *Ianifarie-Guard*,  
Nor (as the Russia with fowle-big-boand slaues,  
Strutting on each side with the slicing Axe,  
Like to a payre of hangmen: no, alas:  
Her Courts of *Guard* are Ladies, & sometimes)  
Shee's in the garden with as small a trayne,  
As is the Sun in heauen: and our Accessie,  
May then as easy be as that of Clyents,  
To Lawyers out of terme-time.

*Cox:* Grant all this:

Nay, say the blow were giuen: how would you scape?

*Pari:* Oh sir, by water. — *Cox:* I but. —

*Pari:* Nay, good cozen. —

*Cox:* You leape as shor as safety, as at starrers  
By water: why the gates will all be locks,



Wayters you must haue none.

*Pari:* Heare me. *Cox:* Heare me,  
You must not haue a man, and if you kill  
With powder, ayre betrays you.

*Pari:* Powder! no fir, my dagge shall be my daggers  
Good sweete Cozen marke but how smooth  
My pathes are: looke you fir,

*Cox:* I haue thought vpon a course.

*Pari:* Nay, nay, heare mine,  
You are my marke, suppose you are my marke,  
My leuell is thus lowe, but ere I rise,  
My hand's got vp thus hie: the deere, being stricke,  
The heard that stand about so frightened are,  
I shall haue leaue to scape, as does a pirate,  
Who hauing made a shot through one more strong,  
All in that ship runne to make good the breach,  
Whilst th'other sailes away. How like you this?

*Cox:* As I like paper harnesse.

*Pari:* Ha, well, pawse then:

This bow shall stand vnbeent, and not an arrow  
Be shot at her vntill we take our ayme  
In *S. Iagoes* parke; a rare, rare Altar!  
The fittest to sacrifice her bloud vpon:  
It shall be there: in *S. Iagoes* parke:

Ha cox! it shall be there: in the meane time,  
We may keepe followers (nine or ten a peece)  
Without suspition: numbers may worke wonders;  
The storme being sudden too: for were the guard  
A hundred strong about her, looke you fir,  
All of vs well appoynted—Case of dages  
To each man, see you? you shoote there, we heere,  
Vnlesse some spirits put the bullets by,  
Ther's no escape for her: say the dages faile,  
Then to our swords.—Come, ther's no mettles in you.

*Cox:* No mettles in me? would your waies were honest,  
I quickly would finde Armour: what's the goade  
So sharpe, that makes you wildly thus to runne

Vpon your certaine ruine

*Pari:* Goad? sharp ponyards,

Why should I spare her blood?

*Coz:* She gaue you yours.

*Pari:* To ha tan'e it had bin tyranny, her owne lips

Confest I stricke her lawes nothard: I ha spent

My youth, and meanes in seruing her: what reape I

Wounds (discontents) what giues she me: good words

(Sweet meates that softe the eater:) why, last day

I did but begge of her the maister ship

Of *Santa Cataryna*, twas denied me.

*Coz:* She keepes you: a better.

*Pari:* I tush, thats not all:

My bonds are yonder seald; And she must fall.

*Coz:* Well coz, ile hence.

*Pari:* When shall I see you? *Coz:* Hal.

Soone: very soone: sooner than you expect,

Let me but breath, and what I meane to doe,

I shall resolue you.

*Pari:* Fare you well,

*Coz:* Adoe.

*Exit.*

*Tytania, Elsyron, Parthenophil, Parydel, Florimell.*

*Flor.* Newes; thundring newes sweete Lady: Envy, Ambition,

Theft sacrilegious, and base treason, lay

Their heads and handes together, at one pull

To heaue you from your throne, that mannish woman-Duell,

That lustfull bloudie Queene of *Babylon*,

Harsh (as we gather ripe intelligence)

Rigid an *Armid* fleet, which euen now beates the waues,

Boasting to make their wombes our Cities graues.

*Tyt.* Let it come on: our Generall leades aboue them,

Earth-quakes may kingdomes mooue, but not remooue them.

*Fideli.*

*Fid.* He yonder, he that playes the fiend at sea,

The little Captaine that's made all of fire,

Sweares (Flemming-like) by twenty thousand Duells,

If our tongues walke thus, and our feete stand still,

So

So many huge ships neere our coasts are come,  
An Oyster-boate of ours will scarce finde roome,  
He sweares the windes haue got the sailes with childe,  
With such big bellies, all the linnen's gone,  
To finde them linnen and in *Babylon*,  
That ther's not one ragge left.

*Tyta.* Why swels this fleet?

*Fid.* Thus they giue out, that you sent forth a *Drake*,  
Which from their riuers beate their water-fowle,  
Tore siluer feathers from their fairest Swannes,  
And pluckt the Halcions wings that roue at sea,  
And made their wilde-ducks vnder-water diue,  
So long, that some neuer came vp aliue.

This Sea-pie *Babylon*, her bug-Bearre calles,  
For when her bastards cry, let the nurse cry  
But this, *the Drake comes*, they hush presently.  
For him thei le cudgell vs: will you ha the troth?  
That scarlet-whore is thirlic and no bloud,  
But yours, and ours (sweete maide) can doe her good.

*Tyta.* That drake shal out againe: to counsel Lords.

*Fid.* Come, come, short counsell: better get long swordes.

*Flor.* Good Lady dread not you, what ere befall.

*Fid.* Weel'e die first, yours is the last funeral: away, away, away.

*Om.* Posts, posts, cal messengers, posts with al speed. *Exeunt.*

*Tyta.* How? feare? why should white hosomes

Feare a Tyrants Arme?

Tyrants may kill vs, but not doe vs harme.

Are we your prisoners that you garde vs chuse?

Stay, And you too, we are alone: when last

We entertaynd your speech (as we remember)

Close traines and dangerous you did discover

To fire which you were praid.

*Pari.* I was. *Tyta.* And yeelded.

Albeit it were against our life.

*Pari.* Most true: — my reasons, —

*Tyta.* We forget them not: at that time

Here was but one, (true) but one counseller,



Who stood aloofe, heard nothing: and though a bloud  
Of courser veines then ours, would haue beene stir'd  
Into a sea tempestuous to boyle vp,  
And drowne the Pilate that durst saile so farre,  
Yet of our princely grace (who twas not fitte,  
Nor stood with wisdome) did we silence it.  
These heaped fauours, notwithstanding (Doctor)  
Tis in our eare: the hammers lie not still,  
But that new clubs of iron are forging now,  
To bruise our bones, and that your selfe doe knowe.  
The very Anuile where they worke.

*Pari. I.*

*Tyta.* Heare vs, because tis thought some of those worser spirits,  
And most malignant that at midnight rise  
To blast our Faiery circles by the Moone,  
Are your Familiars.

*Pari.* Madam. *Tyta.* Sir anone.

Thee therefore I coniure (if not by faith,  
Oathed allegiance, nor thy conscience,  
Perhaps this ranckling vicerateh them)  
Yet by thy hopes of blisse, tell, and tell true,  
Who it must let vs bloud?

*Pari.* O unhappie man;  
That thou shouldst breathe thus long: mirrour of women,  
I open now my brest euen to the heart,  
My very soule pants on my lips: none, none,  
I know of none.

*Tyta.* Well; none: rise and take heede,  
They are no common droppes when Princes bleede.  
What houre is this? does not my larum strike?  
This watch goes false.

*Pari.* This watch goes true.

*Tyta.* All's naught, — what houre is this?

*Pari.* Thy last houre, O heauens, surder  
The worke you haue begun: where art thou heart?

*Tyta.* Oh we see't: Doctor wind vp the wheele, tis downe,

*Pari.* Tis downe.

*Tyta.* How

*Tita.* How now? what stricke thee downe? thy lookes are wilde.  
Why was thine armed hand reard to his height?  
What blacke worke art thou doinge?

*Pari.* Of damnation vpon my selfe. *Tita.* How?  
*Pari.* Your wordes haue split my heart in thousand shiners,  
Heere, heere that sticke which I feare will not out.  
Better to die than liue suspected. Had not your bright eyes  
Turnd backe vpon me, I had long ere this  
Layen at your feete a bloudie sacrifice.

*Tita.* Staind Alas please not vs: why doest thou weepe?  
Thou mak'st my good thoughts of thee now declyne,  
Wholoues not his owne bloud, will ne're spare mine,  
Why doest thou weepe?

*Pari.* When on your face I looke,  
Me thinkes I see those Vertues drawne aliue  
Which did in *Elflyn* the seauenth suruiue,  
(Your fathers father, and your grandfather.)  
And then that you should take me for a serpent  
Gnawing the branches of that glorious tree,  
The grieffe melts euen my soule, O pardon me.

*Tita.* Contract thy spirits together, be compos'd;  
Take a full man into thee, for beholde  
All these blacke clowdes we cleere: looke vp, tis day,  
The sunne shines on thee still: weel'e reade: away—

*Pari.* O machlesse; in'e all poyson, and yet she  
Turnes all to goodnes by wise tempering me. *Goes off.*

*Tita.* If thou prou'st copper—well; this makes vs strong  
As towers of flint. All traytors are but waues,  
That beate at rockes, their owne blowes digge their graues.

*Pari* tell manet.

*Pari.* For not dooing and I dauides how are my spirits  
Halde, tortured, and growne wilde? on leaues eternall.  
Vowes haue I writ so deepe, so bound them vp,  
So texted them in characters capitall,  
I cannot race them but I blot my name  
Out of the booke of senec: mine oath stands fild:  
On your court-roles, Then keepe it, vp to heau'n

Thy

Thy ladder's but thus bite: courage, to kill  
Ten men I should not freeze thus: yet her murder  
Cannot be named blood-shed, for her Faeries  
Are all of faith, and fealty alloyed;  
The balme that her annoynted is waite off,  
Her crowne is now not hers; vpon the paine  
Of a blacke curse, no more must I obey her,  
I climbe to heauen by this, climbe then and slay her.

*Tyt.* Tyrants strange, but iust end! — *Reads.*  
Ran mad for shepe, and died Princes that plunge  
Their soules in ranke and godlesse appetites  
Must seeke no rest but in the armes of Sprites.

*Pa.* Nothing to read? that (if my nerues should shrink  
And make mine arme reuolt) I might haue colour  
To vsurp this walke of hers: whats this? see, see  
An Angel thrusts this iron into my hand,  
My warrant signd from *Babylon* to kill her,  
Endorsed, the last will of *Paridell*. — *Reads.*

*\* Le concede sue Benedictione, plenaria indulgentia, \* The very wordes of  
Et remissione de tutti li peccati — tutti li peccati — Cardinal. Com. his  
letter sent to Pary.*

All, all my finnes are paid off, paying this,  
Tis done, tis done, All you blest powers I charme,  
Now, now, knit all your sinewes to this arme.

*As he offers to step to her, he stais suddenly, vpon the approach of*  
*Fidely, Florimel, Parthenophil, Elfron, the Ladies,*  
*a Guard, and the Doctors Coxen.*

*Om.* You ha' proou'd your selfe a loyall gentleman.

*Fid.* The hand of Angels guide vs: Shees not heere,  
The Queen's kild, treason: Wenches, raise the Court.

*Om.* Walke seuerall waies first.

*Fid.* Waies; shees murdered: treason.

*Tyt.* Treason; a sword. What traytor dare? who? where?

*Flo.* A guard: the damned serpent, see, lurkes heere.

*Fid.* Sure heeres some nest they breed in: paw him fast,  
This Woolfe, this Taade (marke, he swelles red with payson,)  
This learned knaue is sworne to murder thee.

*Par.* I defie any man that speakes it.

*Fid.* Ha



*The Wobbe of England.*

*Fid.* Hah: —desie this noble, honest gentleman,  
Desie him, he shall spit it on thy face,  
Thy beard scald Doctor.

*Pari.* And dost thou betray me? Swift thou for

*Cox.* And will seal my speech with bloud.

*Pari.* My no against this yet; My no is as good.

*Fid.* Better, his yeas goe naked, and your noes  
Very well clothed: off, come, with naked goes,  
And heres his naked truth. *Shewes his drawn dagger.*

*Tisa.* Againe.

*Pari.* Oh me; —now nothing but your mercy me can saue.

*Tisa.* It must not: Princes that would safely liue,  
May grieue at traytors fallies but not forgine.  
Let him be somnoud to the barre of shame.

*Pari.* Tis welcome, a blacke life, ends in blacke fame.

*Omni.* Away with him.

*Pari.* Now to the busines;  
We haue one foote.

*Fid.* I, I, looke to the head.  
The hangman cures those members.

*Tisa.* What is done?

*Flor.* This (sacred Lady:) we with either hand  
Haue raide an Armie both by sea and land.  
Your goodly ships beate the most royall freight,  
That the world owes (true hearts:) their wöbes are ful,  
Of noble spirits, each man in his face  
Shewes a Kings daunting looke, the souldiers stand  
So thickly on the decke, so brauely plum'd,  
(The Silken streamers waving o're their heades)  
That (seeing them) you would adge tware *Pentecost*,  
And that the lollie youngsters of your townes,  
Had flockt together in gay multitudes,  
For May-games, and for summer merriments,  
They looke so cheery: in such litle roome  
So many Faeries neuer dwelt at once,  
Neuer so many men were borne so soone,  
The drum that gaue the call, could not be heard

For iustling armours: ere the call was done,  
It was so ringd about with groues of pikes,  
That when they brake on both sides to giue way,  
The beating of the drum was thunders noise,  
Whilst coates of Steele clapt so on coates of Steele,  
Helmets on helmets that they strucke out fire,  
Which shewd like lightning, or those flames that flie  
From the huge Cyclops hammer, when they sweate  
To forge *Iones* thunder. And in such a heate  
With quicknes rush they armed forth, captaines swore,  
Harnesse was fore the cloathes they daily wore.  
Men faster came to fight then to a feast.

*Fid.* Nay, women tied to vs they might be prest.

*Parth.* Old grandams that on crutches beare vp age,  
Full nimble buckled Armours on their soulders,  
And when twas on, she clapt him on his backe,  
And spake thus, runne my boye, fight till thou art dead,  
Thy blood can neuer be more brauely shed.

*Tita.* How are the numbers you haue leuied?

*Fid.* What your sea-forces are, this brieft doth speak.

*Elf.* We haue rais'd double walls to fence your land.  
The one the bodie of a standing Camp,  
Whose tents by this are pitchd in *Beria*,  
On the shores point, to barre the foe from footing.

*Tita.* Ouer that Camp at *Beria* we create  
Your *Florimell* Licutenant Generall;

*Elf.* The other is to garde your royall person.

*Tita.* Whose charge is yours: the sea *Fideli*, yours.

*Elf.* The standing camp of horsemen and of foote,  
These numbers fill. Launces 153. Horsemen 769  
Footemen 22000. The mouing Army, which attends on you,  
Is thus made vp: of horsemen & of foote, Launces 481.  
Light horse-men 1421. Footemen 34050.

*Tita.* We do not raise our hopes on points of speares,  
A handfull is an host, in a good fight,  
Lambes may beate Lions in a warre not right.  
The Generall of all armies be our leader.

Be full of courage Lordes as faire in yeares.  
For this be sure weele not out-live our peeres.

*Fid.* Weele al live, but wil first have them bi'th eares.

*Tysa.* Goe on, your conduct be the prosperous hand,  
Make you the sea good, weele not loose the land.

Your Queene will to the field, It shall be said,  
Once souldiers to their Captain had a Maide. *Exeunt.*

*Truth and Plaine-dealing leading souldiers with drum  
and colours, Time meeting them.*

*Time:* You sweate well in this harvest.

*Plai:* Nay, when we come to binde vp the whore of Babilone  
Punckes and Pynaces in sheaves, weele sweate worse.

*Time:* Have you bestowed the other handes? *Tru:* I have.

*Time:* Incorporate this to you then: is the mandate  
Of your Liefetenant Generall. You fight

In your great Faieries quarrell, and Truthes right,  
Stand therefore too.

*Uolu:* I will have no woundes on my shoulders, I scorn to run,  
Or to cry out of waslike kybes in the heele.

*Time:* Goe (thou most God-like maide) & buckle on  
The brest-plates fetcht from thine owne Armoury,

Let every souldier weare one, on each leader  
Bestowe a guiding-staffe, and a strong shield

That may as faithfull be to his good sword  
As thou art to his heart: head all the speares

With gold of Angell-prooffe. Sit like a done  
Vpon the Horsmans helme, and on his face

Fan with thy silver winges sweete victorie,  
Goe, beate thy drum, that men may know thy march,

Spread thine owne colours (*Truth*) so let them shine,  
Souldiers may sweate theile follow none but thine. *Away.*

*Tru.* I flie, swift as the winged winges. *Exit.*

*Plai.* To day is workiday with me for all I have my best clothes  
On, what doe you set me to?

*Time:* Goe thou and sweepe the buses from the camp. (*cleanse,*

*Plai.* Conscience has left no broomes big enough to doe that

*Time:* Then purge the tents of all infectious aires.



*Pla.* Yonder's one infection new broke out, if it be not stop  
From running, will choake vs all.

*Time.* Name it, ile minister the remedie.

*Plai.* Time may do it, this ris: A Broker and his wife that dropt  
out of the Hangmans budget but last day, are now eating in the  
Camp, and are victualers to it: their very Cannes haue hoopes of  
gold lace now, that bangd Captaines Ierkins all ore but yester-  
day: 15. Liefetenants haue eaten vp their buffe Ierkins with  
cheese and mustard: Nay this xilaine of fourescore ith hundred  
has set vp three Armourers shops with harness caps, and pewter  
coates, that are lnde cleane out with Ale: the Rogues lics euery  
night vpon as many fetters which grew in souldiers bars, as will  
vndoe foure hundred Schoolemasters to hire them for their boyes  
to goe a feasting.

*Time.* Breede such disorders mongst the souldiers?

*Play.* They swarme like lye: nay his wife tickels it too, for  
three Muskateeres came but to drinke Tabacco in her cabbins, and  
she fired their flasks and tuch boxes.

*Time.* Goerlde the Camp of these, and al like these.

*Pla.* If any souldier swere ile casheere him too.

*Time.* You will scarce leaue two in the Army then.

*Play.* What shall I doe with those Pyoners yonder?

*Ti.* You know the ground, lead them to cast vp trenches. Away.

*Pla.* They are by this time leading one another, for when I  
left them, I left them all casting, ile now goe see what it comes  
to.

*Exit.*

*Time.* Ile flie hence to the fleet of Babilon  
And from their tacklings and their main mast tops,  
Time shal shoote vengeance through his bow of steck,  
Wedge-like to split their Nauie to the keele  
Ile cut their Princes downe as blades of grasse  
As this glasse, so the Babilonian power,  
The higher shall runne out to fill the lower.

*The Sea fight.*

3. K. The sulphurous fire belcheth on our ships,  
Cut Cables, or the whole fleet, drawes in fire.  
2 K. Of Babilon. 1. K. What Hulls are shof, shal burne on fire?

3. King. The

3. *King.* The Diuel in the sea on fire, the Dutch fire takes T. taken.

1. *King.* Wher's *Madrigal*?

2. *King.* Close vnder hatches, drowns not shew his head.

3. *King.* Damnation on such liuord Generalls, Wher's braue

*Riccardi*?

2. *King.* Wher's?

3. *King.* Our Admirall, the Admirall of our Naue, wife *Riccardi*

2. *King.* Our stowte and braue *Riccardi* keeper hissed.

3. *King.* All pokes fire him out; *Pedro de Valdez*

Hauing about him 30. Canons throates,

Stretch wide to harkes is boarded, taken. 2. *King.* Taken?

3. *King.* Without resistance: *Pymontally* sunke,

*Oquendo* burnt, *Monca* la drownd or shaine,

1. *King.* The ship of all our medicaments is lost.

3. *King.* Dogges eate our medicaments, such are our wounds:

We more shall Sextons neede than Surgeons.

2. *King.* What course is best?

3. *King.* The best to get the day:

Is to hoist sayles vp, and away.

*Om.* Away, away, hoist sayles vp and away.

3. *King.* A world of men and wealth lost in one day. *Exeunt.*

*Florimell* followed by *Captaines, Mariners and Gun-*

*ners with Linstocks.*

*Flor.* Shoot, shoot, they answer, brauer more *Linstocks*; shoot:

This stratagem drops downe from heauen in fire.

*Om.* Board, board, hoist more sayles vp, they shie, shoot, shoot. *Exeunt.*

*Titania in the Camp.*

*Tita.* We neuer held a royal Court till now:

(Warriours) would it not seeme most glorious,

To haue Embassadors to greete vs thus?

Our chaire of state, & drums for sumptuous robes:

Ruffling about vs, heads eas'd y<sup>e</sup> in globes:

Of bright reflecting Steele: for reuelers

(Treading soft measures), marchingouldiers,

Trust me, I like the martiall life so well,

I could change Courts to camps, in fusties to drubbe:

Tis a braue life! Me thinkes it best become

A Prince to march, but heretofore gone and drubbe.

My fellow souldiers I doe sweate your fight,  
 To the last man, your Captaine being in fight.  
*Val.* To the last least mans little finger.  
*Fid.* What flames through all your bloud your breeth inspiron  
*Tys.* For that we come not, no brest heere wants fires.  
 Twas kindled in their cradles, strength, courage, scale,  
 Meete in each bolome like a three-fold floud,  
 We come with yours to venture our owne bloud.  
 For you and we are fellowes, thus appears it,  
 The souldier keeps the crowne on, the prince weares it.  
 Of all men you we hold the most most deere,  
 But for a souldier I had not beene heere.

*Fid.* Doe not their gunnes offend you?

*Tys.* How? we are tried,  
 wh'im'e borne a souldier by the fathers side.  
 The Cannon (thunders Zany) playes to vs,  
 Soft musikes canes, and more mellodious:  
 And me more rarely like, because all these,  
 That now can speake the language of sterne warre,  
 Could not speake swords, or guns, nay scarce could go,  
 Nay were not borne, but like to new sowne graine  
 Lay hid i'th mold, when we went to be crown'd,  
 Tho now th'are tall corn fields, covering the ground.

*Plaint Dealing*

*Plai.* Roome, roome, newes, newes, the youngest newes that  
 euer was brought forth amongst men at Armes: a woman (sweete  
 mistris) is brought to bed of a man childe i'th Camp: a boy that  
 lookes as if he would shoote off already: the bed they haue swal-  
 led him in, is the peece of a hold torne Ancient: his blankets are  
 two souldiers Mandillions: his cradle is the hollow backe-peece of  
 a rustie Armour: his head lies in a Murren thats quilted to keepe  
 him warme, the first thing that euer he laid hold on, was a trun-  
 cheon, on which a Captaine leand to looke vpon him, hee'le bee a  
 warriour I warrant, A Can. of beere is set to his mouth already,  
 yet I doubt hee'le prooue but a victualer to the Camp: A notable  
 fat double-chind bulchiner.

*Tys.* A child borne in our Camp? goe glue him fame,

La



Let him be *Boris* call'd, by the *Campes* name.

*Pha.* That's his name then, *Boris*, in steede of a *Midwife*, a *Captaine* shall beare him to the *Pount*, and if there be any women to followe it, they shall sithen traile pikes or shoon in *Callicers*, who would sweate thus to get gossip for another man's child? but fathers themselves are guld to sometimes, farewell mistress, *Exit.*

*Time, Florimell, Captaines, Souldiers.*

*Tia:* With roses vs you crowne, your selfe with palme,

*Flor:* Had we al woundes, your words are soveraigne balme.

*Tia:* Are those clouds sperr'd that stroue to dimme our light?

*Flor:* And driven into the gloomie caues of night.

*Tia:* Our handes be heard vp for it.

*Time:* Therers good cause,

We're bownd to doe so by the higher lawes.

Those roaring Whales came with deuouring wombes

To swallow vp your kingdomes: foolish heere

When halfe of them scarce knew where it did stand,

Vnder what *Zenith*, did they share your land.

As dice they plaid for *Patria*, are each cast

A Knight at least was lost: what doe you fert?

This Knight cries one (and names him) no, a Lord

Or none, tis done, he throwes and sweepes the bord,

His hatte is full of Lords vpto the brimme,

The sea threw next at all, won all and him,

Would you these Gamesters see now?

*Fid:* See now? where?

Their le scarce see vs, the last fight cost so deere,

*Ti:* Bid you me do it, tis done, *Time* takes such pride,

To waite on you, heele lackie by your side.

Those daies of their *Arriuall*, batraile, flight,

And ignominious shipwrackes (like lost Arrows)

Are out of reach: of them the world receaues

But what *Times* booke shewes turning back the leaues,

But if you'le see this *Concupine* of *Kinges*,

In her maiesticke madnes with her sonnes

That houre is now but numbring out in sand,

These minutes are not yet run through *Time*'s hand,

For

For you and for your Father's delight  
Time shall be this,

That I will be a glorious fight,

Time, Valence you shall both see and heare these wonders,

On the greene Mount of Tremble the Arme move,

And meete you in the vale of Othello,

Your captives are sent thither quicke as thought,

You shall see him upon my swift wings,

Time at one instant sees all Courts of Kings.

Time descending: Enter the Emperesse, three Kings,

and foure Cardinals.

Emp. Hence: sting me not: y are Scorpions to my flesh,

Diseases to my bloud: he dies that speaks.

3. King. Y are madde.

Ambo. Y are madde.

4. Card. O fall'st not heaven!

Emp. Be silent:

Be damned for your speech: as y are for A &

You are all blacke and close conspirators

In our disgrace.

3. King. You lie.

4. Card. O horrible?

3. King. You Raue yet know not why.

Emp. Thou saist all's lost.

3. King: Drownd, burnt, split vpon rocks, cast ouer bord,

Throates cut by Kernes, whose hautes like else lockes hang,

2. King. One of those shannock eaters abone break fast,

Slit fourescore wezand pipes of ours,

1. King. Of yours.

Oquendo burnt, Piemontelli Slaine,

Pedro de Valdes iane,

1. Card. Could dwarfes beate Gyants?

3. King. In one day fell 4000 Gallious 15.

Drownd at the same time; or which was worser taken,

The same day made 2000. prisoners.

Yet not a cherry stone of theirs was funke.

Not

